

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NO. 124.—VOL. V.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1876.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS KATHERINE MUNROE, AS MDLLE. LANGE, IN "MADAME ANGOT."

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES—JULY MEETING.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS.

Conveying 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers at Ordinary Fares will run between Cambridge and London as under:

On Tuesday, 4th July, from King's Cross at 9.20 a.m.; Finsbury Park, 9.26 a.m., arriving at Cambridge at 10.40 a.m., and on Friday, 7th July from Cambridge at 6.40 p.m. for Finsbury Park and London, in connection with 5.55 p.m. ordinary train, Newmarket to Cambridge.

Return Tickets available for one month or less. Ordinary trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 p.m. and 7.40 p.m. for Finsbury Park and London. First, second, and third class passengers will also be booked from Cambridge for London by the Return Trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

King's Cross Station, June, 1876.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR JULY.

The Summer Service of Passenger Trains from London to Scotland will come into operation on SATURDAY, JULY 1. Express Trains leave London for Scotland at 5.15 a.m. (Newspaper Express), 7.15 a.m. (Mail Train), 10.10 a.m. (Day Express), and an additional train at 11.10 a.m., for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and the North of Scotland. At night, in addition to the Limited Mail at 8.40 p.m., and of the 9.0 p.m. accelerated train, the usual Express Train, leaving Euston at 8.0 p.m., will be reinstated, commencing on Monday, July 3. This train will leave Euston every night, except Saturdays, and will be due at Greenock in ample time to enable the passengers to join the Iona steamer for the Highlands of Scotland. It will be appointed to reach Perth in advance of the Limited Mail, enabling passengers to breakfast before proceeding to the North.

The Passenger Fares, and Horse, Carriage, and Dog Charges, have been revised and reduced.

Sleeping Saloons for Perth are attached to the 8.0 p.m., and for Glasgow to the 9.0 p.m. trains.

NORTH WALES AND LAKE DISTRICT.

The usual Summer Service of Trains in the Lake District and on the North Wales Coast will come into operation on July 1. The train leaving Euston at 10.10 and Birmingham 11.40 a.m. will be found the most convenient for Llandudno, Rhyl, Penmaenmawr, &c., as well as for Kendal and Windermere Lakes.

IMPROVED SERVICE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND, VIA HOLYHEAD,

commencing on SATURDAY, JULY 1. The train leaving Euston at 9 a.m. and Birmingham at 11 will be accelerated so as to reach Holyhead at 4.45 p.m., and one of the London and North-Western company's ordinary steamers will be appointed to sail immediately after arrival, enabling passengers to reach Dublin (North Wall) at 10 p.m. the same evening.

Commencing same date, a new EXPRESS PASSENGER STEAMER will leave the London and North-Western Company's Quay at North Wall (Dublin) Daily (Sundays excepted) at 9.30 a.m. (Irish time) for Holyhead, and an Express Train in connection will be run from Holyhead at 3 p.m., and be due to arrive at Birmingham at 8.30 and London 10.40 p.m.

An EXPRESS STEAMER will also leave Holyhead at 1.30 a.m. in connection with the Fast Train leaving London (Euston Station) at 5.10 p.m., and Birmingham at 7.30 p.m., passengers being enabled to reach Dublin at 5.35 a.m. (Irish time) instead of 7, as now.

G. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, June, 1876.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1876.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets, available for Two Months, will be issued from June 1st to the 31st October, 1876.

For particulars, see Time Tables and programmes issued by the Company.

G. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, 1876.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct route to India.—First-class passenger steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewardesses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

TRINACRIA ... Saturday, July 15 Saturday, July 22.
EUROPA ... Saturday, August 12 Saturday, August 19.
INDIA ... Saturday, September 9 Saturday, September 16.
UTOPIA ... Saturday, September 30 ... Saturday October 7.
MACEDONIA ... Saturday, October 14 Saturday, October 21.

First-class, 45 to 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson, Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

MONOGRAMS. RODRIGUES'S NOVEL-TIES in MONOGRAMS, CRESTS, and ADDRESSES. STEEL DIES. Engraved as Gems.

NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour, relief, and illuminated in Gold, Silver, and Colours in the highest style of art.

A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly engraved and too SUPERFINE CARDS printed for 4s. 6d.—RODRIGUES, 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

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BENNETT,

65 and 64,
CHEAPSIDE.

J. BENNETT,

Maker to the Queen.

Specially Manufactured for Use in India.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

No Key required.

Air-tight, Damp-tight, Dust-tight.

Gs. Gs. Gs.

Silver 6 ... 8 ... 10

Gold 10 ... 12 ... 14

Persons who forward their Money may rely on the best

possible Watch by return.

Church, Turret, Railway,

House, and Drawing-room Clocks.

CLOCKS.

Keyless Half-Chronometers, Compensated for Variations of Temperature in India, adjusted in Positions, Winding and Setting Hands without a Key, for Gentlemen, in Gold, 30gs. to 40gs.; Ditto, in Silver, 16gs. to 25gs.

Ditto, for Ladies, with richly-Engraved Gold Cases

and Dials, from 20gs. to 30gs.

NOVELTIES in LADIES' MILLINERY—

LOUIS XVI. HAT, black straw, elegantly trimmed. "The Millinery department is well catered for also, the prevailing cream tints in laces, flowers, and chintz lending themselves happily to combinations with black." —*The Queen Newspaper*."Le Sénateur est un très-joli chapeau, souple de forme, garni d'une guirlande de fleurs et herbes noires, avec mélange de valenciennes." —*Courrier de l'Europe*.

JAYS'.

CRYSTALLINE BAREGE COSTUMES, not transparent, from the best French models, 22gs each, with sufficient material to make up bodice.

JAYS'.

GENUINE BLACK SILKS.—Wholesale Prices. Messrs. JAY, being sorry to find, in the frequent piracy of their advertisements of Black Silks, that an inferior article to that which they offer is too frequently palmed upon the public, beg to assure all customers that their genuine BLACK SILKS, from 3s. 9d. per yard, cannot be matched for cheapness, either in the home or foreign silk markets.

JAYS'.

COMPARISON and PROOF.—BLACK SILKS, full width, 3s. 9d. per yard, late 5s. 6d. Black Silks, 5s. 3d., late 8s. 9d. Black Silks, 5s. 9d., late 9s. 6d. Black Silks, patterns free. Messrs. JAY, having effected a large contract at Lyons for these silks, warranted by the manufacturer to be of excellent quality, invite special attention to this importation.

JAYS'.

BLACK COSTUMES, Two Guineas each, with sufficient material for Bodice unmade.

JAYS'.

FIVE AND A HALF GUINEA BLACK SILK COSTUMES.—Engraving of Messrs. JAY'S 5½ guinea Costumes forwarded on application gratis. Also a Pattern of the quality of Black Silk from which these Costumes are made.

JAYS'.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 243, 245, 247, 249, and 251, Regent-street, W.

MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.,
JEWELLER.

18 Carat Gold EARRINGS, set with Stones, from 50s. to £50.

18 Carat Gold BROOCHES, „ „ „ 70s. „ £200.

18 Carat Gold BRACELETS, „ „ „ 140s. „ £300.

18 Carat Gold LOCKETS, „ „ „ 100s. „ £100.

In all Jewellery sold or re-arranged by Mr. Streeter, the Stones are mounted in 18-Carat Gold.

"JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—*Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. ii.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

** We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

DRAMATIC.

J. S. K.—You will find the information you are seeking, in an article by Miss Fanny Kemble in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

F. NARISKIN.—Mrs. Wrighton was playing at Drury Lane in 1775.

WILLIAM POPE.—The late Mr. Macready appeared at Covent Garden for the first time, after winning a brilliant reputation at Bath, Dublin, and Liverpool in the year 1815, or thereabouts. It was a temporary engagement, and he acted with Miss O'Neil, who had then newly commenced her triumphant career.

"OTHELLO."—Many thanks for the amusing story; you are evidently not aware that it was told by J. R. Planché in his "Recollections" of Billy Dunn, and Mr. —— was probably ignorant of that fact when he told it to you of himself.

FREDERICK PRESTON.—*The Clandestine Marriage* was revived by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in November, 1857. Mr. Marston played Sir John Melville, and Mrs. Young Fanny. It was highly successful.

MUSICAL.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—No. The first time an opera by Mozart was performed in this country was by a party of amateurs, aided by professional singers, at the Crown and Anchor, about fifty years ago.

A. J. N. M., Edinburgh.—The copies of the songs were duly handed over to our musical critic, who of course dealt with them as he thought fit.

SPORTING.

A. BURR.—A work on the Wild Sports of Africa, by Lieutenant J. W. D. Moodie, which was published by Bently in 1835, may be the book you want.

W. F. D.—There were many horses of that name (Driver), and all were famous. You probably refer to the first, which was got by the Wynn Arabian, foaled in 1727, and bred by the Duke of Ancaster.

SAM.—The old "buckhounds" were a dwarf kind of staghounds.

"LONGCHAMPS."—English horses were introduced into France in the reign of Henri Quatre, about 1608.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. G. B.—Thanks for your note. It is rather a pity we did not see you in the beginning.

H. F., Liverpool.—Send the sketch.

H. F., St. Helier's.—We hope to be able to make use of your sketches next week.

W. H. P., Belfast.—We have made inquiries on the subject and are informed that the packet was sent to your address.

I. M. E., Edinburgh, and F. B. C., Dublin.—Want of space must be our excuse for not at present carrying out your wishes.

OUTSIDER, Lee.—Destroyed.

J. G. B., Glasgow.—Our space is unfortunately too limited.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

WE are informed that the present (and past) editor of a journal which has recently changed proprietors is sedulously cultivating his naturally mellifluous voice with the intention of singing the following well-known ditty:—

When royal Anne became our Queen—

The Church of England's glory—

Another face of things was seen,

And I became a Tory.

Occasional Conformists base,

I blam'd their moderation,

And thought the church endangered was

By such prevarication.

And this is law, that I'll maintain

Until my dying day, sir,

That whatsoever King may reign,

I'll be vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,

And moderate men looked big, sir,

A cat-in-pan I turned once more

And so became a Whig, sir!

And thus preferment I procured

From our new faith's defender,

And almost every day abused

The Pope and the Pretender.

And this is law, &c.

WE copy the accompanying thrilling passage from a chapter in what may perhaps be termed a romance for the people—written by one of themselves:—

The night was very dark and misty, but Saffron Madge needed no light to guide her steps to the stables, which were, of course, within the enclosure of Castle Mulgrath.

A lantern was burning between two rows of stalls at the stables when the hag arrived there; but she saw no one about, and snatched from the nail to which it was hanging the implement she desired.

It was a currycomb, and as she swept her palm over the many and sharp teeth, she said aloud:—

"Ha! The very thing! With this I shall spoil her beauty in the wink of an eye! Ho! Helena Rathe, the widow of Black Jamie will give you a pair of rosy cheeks!"

So saying, she hid the currycomb under her gown, and hurried back toward the portcullis archway.

A swift, sly, and noiseless form followed her, unsuspected by her.

It was Angus M'Star, the spy of Dame Rathe.

Illimitable is the ingenuity of the people's romancer! Helena Rathe has "swarmed" up the shining trunks of trees leagues in altitude, has held on by the eyelashes to the sides of perpendicular rocks, has burrowed her way out of rabbit-holes, has been hunted down by bloodhounds, but — this dreadful currycomb! How is she to escape the torture of its vengeful teeth? And a whole week must elapse ere we can know!

OUR attention has been called to a notice of a bust by a promising young English sculptor, in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*. We are asked, pertinently enough, whether it is altogether fair on the part of any person who calls himself a critic, to say of a work by a young man who has won his spurs admirably, not only that it ranks as "the worst" bust in terra-cotta in the Academy, but if we could but imagine as a ground work, the head of a ruffian disguised by beard of river-grass, and further clothed by ocean seaweeds," [What is an "ocean seaweed," Mr. Critic?] "the head before us would find its original." It will be an open question with those who know the infinitesimal capacity of the writer, whether "the art is beneath criticism;" but no wholesome-minded person can help feeling a thorough contempt for writing that resembles nothing so much as it does the scratching and biting of a frustrated kitten. They did not write in that fashion in the old days when the *Saturday* was a power, and they would not dare to write thus now, did custom compel them to sign their emendations. The pitiful part of it is that outside the rustic cackle of the bourg (say St. John's-wood or Kensington) there are people who list with bated breath and whispering humbleness to what is said! For Mr. Mullins we have not a word of sympathy. He requires none. The *Saturday Review* can neither make nor blow upon a real reputation. Let it stick to its garbage. For the information of "the critic" (critic, indeed!) we beg to say that the portrait bust is not that of a ruffian with ocean sea-weedy hair, but of a harmless but sturdy mixer of sculptor's clay, and it is marvellously like.WE have heard people that had erewhile smoked an oval cigar without flinching, actually take exception to those peculiarly fine brands of champagne which are supplied to racing men by the eminent caterers K— and B—. Some folks are never satisfied! The other day, the Philharmonic Theatre was dismantled, and the fixtures and stock-in-trade sold by auction. Amongst the beverages which were brought to the hammer were—to quote the *Islington Gazette*—"many dozens of champagne, quite equal to cider, which were sold at prices ranging from six to fifteen shillings per dozen." Alas, alas! if the stuff were only equal to cider, or gooseberry, or small ale, or butter-milk-and-whey, or even fair water. But it is not. And nobody knows where in this world of conviviality that fearful six-shillings-a-dozen mixture may not turn up. At a wedding breakfast, "supplied" by the confectioner round the corner; at your friend Jack's rooms, in the shape of a cheap, but exhilarating Cup; at a picnic party up the river, nay—the suggestion is too horrible, but it embraces a barely possible contingency—even at the delightful bar which is beamingly presided over by Messrs. K— and B— themselves. It is notorious that their champagnes are the despair of rival caterers, but neither K—'s Roman feature nor B—'s delicate palate can save the firm from deception, sometimes. We command

the great champagne question to those missionaries in the cause of commercial honesty whose noses have hitherto been poked into the comparatively innocent milk-can of small metropolitan dispensers of "sky-blue."

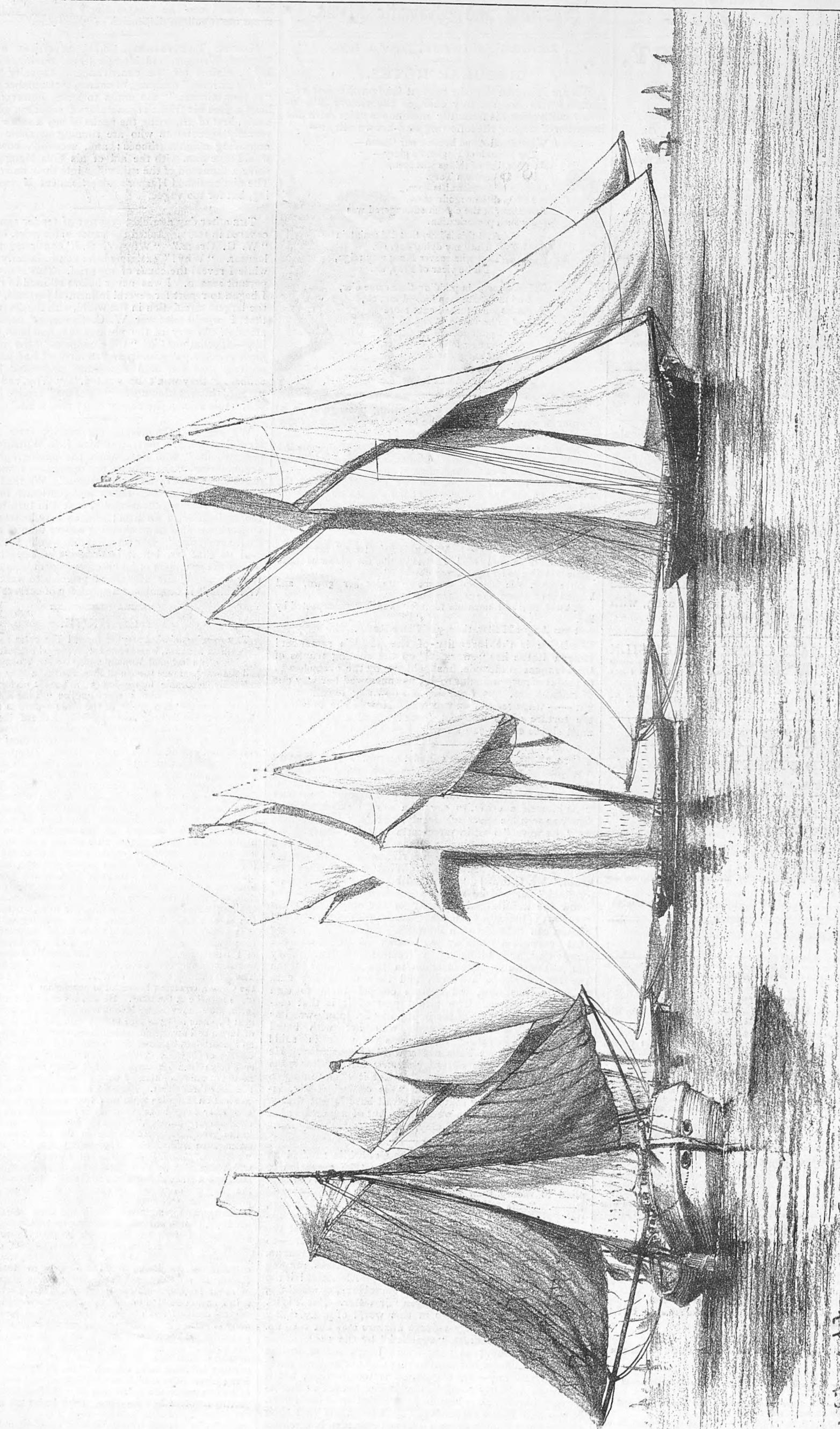
HARPER TWELVETREES, B.D., advertises a "Villa Washer, Wringer, and Mangle (three machines in one)." H. T. claims for the contrivance a capacity to wash "forty articles," meaning, of course, that number of villas, "in four minutes." He omits to state, however, in how brief a time his triune regenerator of suburban geography could, first of all, wring the necks of say a score of those rascally speculators who are running up sham villas in improving neighbourhoods; and, secondly, how long it would take him, with the aid of his Villa Mangler, to resolve a thousand of the said villas into their native rubble. The distinguished Harper's advertisement is vastly alluring, but far too vague.

THE other day a cricket-reporter of tender age was discovered in tears. Asked the cause of his grief, he replied, "W. G. Grace." "Why W. G.?" continued the interlocutor. "Why!" exclaimed the youth, bitterly; "listen while I reveal the cause of my grief. This is my first important season. I was never before allowed to run alone. I began to report for several influential journals, including the largest circulation in the world, with the determination that I would discover W. G. Grace, or perish in the attempt. Wearied of the phrases that had been applied to him—appellations like "the champion," "the invincible," *facile princeps, sui generis*, and so forth—I had prepared an entirely new set, and now—and now—and now," he sobbed, "they won't be wanted." "Why, sad youth?" pursued his interlocutor. "Because," replied the moist one, "this season the beggar can't play a bit."

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt from Auckland, New Zealand, of a portrait of Mrs. J. L. Wiltshire, a "fair pedestrienne," who had, when the photograph left, just accomplished "the plucky performance of walking 100 miles in 23 hours and 50 minutes." We read in the report that "one or two ladies and gentlemen in the afternoon and evening, occasionally, took it in turn to lend her the assistance of an arm; but, as may be imagined, the support was of a more cheering nature than of much physical assistance." Our imagination would not have carried us that far, but it is different in Topsy-turveydom, where the spectacle of an enterprising tradesman, "faithfully executing his advertised promise to walk with Mrs. Wiltshire," is considered a specimen of correct athletics.

CORINNE.

THE opening of what may be termed the extra season at the Lyceum on Monday, was invested with special interest by the production of an original romantic play by Mr. Robert Buchanan, and the reappearance therein of Mrs. Fairfax, a lady who made a decidedly favourable impression at a benefit performance given some time since. From a special notice "in the bill," we learn that "Corinne" is a study of the same nature as the author's "Shadow of the Sword," now appearing in one of the magazines. It is founded on one of many similar cases to be found recorded in the French Archives, and is intended to present a picture of society as it existed before the Revolution. Members of the artistic professions were not merely denied the rights of burial, but were again and again refused the rites of marriage." This note shadows forth the plot. Corinne (Mrs. Fairfax) is an actress secretly married to Victor de Beauvoir (Mr. Warner) afterwards the Comte de Calvador. When we first meet her, at home, she is smarting from the indignities that have been cast by the priests on the memory of her mother, who have withheld from her the interment rites of the Church. A wicked, not to say remarkably comic priest, the Abbé de Larose (Mr. Forbes Robertson), who adores Corinne, and an artist-brother of hers, Raoul Recamier (Mr. Henry Forrester), who loves her with tyrannic affection, and hates with corresponding force everybody that wears the taint of aristocracy, help with the Comte (for he speedily comes into his title), to thicken the plot in the first act. The Comte, albeit wearying of the cause of "The People," with which at the clubs of the proletariat he had identified himself, is determined to obtain the Church's sanction of his marriage. This, thanks to the diabolical machinations of our distressingly comic friend, the Abbé de Larose, is refused him. The Archbishop of Paris (Mr. T. Mead) forbids the banns, and the Comte, cowering beneath the anathemas of the Church, discards his wife at the altar. He and his order, the priests and so forth, are denounced by Raoul, who is thereupon arrested, and the next two acts bring us face to face with the red flag and a course of lavish and miscellaneous butchery, ending in the escape from an ignominious death of the Comte, and the demise, from heart disease, of Corinne. *Corinne*, for all its crudities, is a showy drama, and there is a freshness about it that—despite the hackneyed nature of the revolutionary accessories—keeps alive the interest of the story throughout. Each act ends well, but the feeling which one had on Monday night was that the stage-manager had not altogether caught the intentions of the author with regard to the culminating "pictures," which the latter had in his mind. Some of the groupings, especially one in the otherwise effective altar scene were ridiculous. The acting was as uneven as the "business." Mrs. Fairfax has an agreeably sympathetic voice, which she uses with nice judgment, a handsome and expressive face, and a graceful manner. In the first and second acts, during the progress of which no excessive drafts were made on her powers, she produced a most favourable impression by her tenderness and good taste; but in the third and fourth acts she fell away, the too obvious cause being lack of physique. If these acts were cut down, and they would be none the worse for it, she might yet succeed in making the second part of *Corinne* as interesting as she made the first. Mr. Forrester, who met with an enthusiastic reception, would do well to tone down his Raoul, if only for the sake of getting nearer the level of other members of the company. Mr. Forbes Robertson is to be congratulated on his Abbé, for we assure him that a more original creation has not been seen on any stage within the memory of man. It is a very juvenile and sugarplumlike Abbé; but, no matter, it takes snuff and goes to its death in the last act, like a man. Mr. E. Atkins's portrayal of Marat is consistently repulsive. Mr. Warner played the part of the Comte in a manner that left little to be desired. Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam was—Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Miss Amy Lionel's Clarisse stood forth a spirited bit of acting; while the small part of waiting-maid to Corinne was prettily rendered by Miss Clare. No expense has been spared in the mounting, and the scenery—especially "A Cottage near Versailles"—by Hawes Craven, is very excellent indeed. On the conclusion of the drama, there was a call for the author, who bowed his acknowledgments from a private box.



NEPTUNE SWIFT ONE MYNHEER VAN SCHUYT CORISANDE OLGA EGERRIA

SPINNAKERS AND SPINNAKERS.—IN A "ROARING" CALM.

Engd by Lach's Process

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OUR PICTURES AND SKETCHES.

SPINNAKERS AND SPINNAKERS.

THIS sketch is an illustration of the Royal London Yacht Club schooner match, to which we referred in a former issue.

LONG-HAIRED DASCHSHUNDS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THOSE who visited the Dog Show at the Crystal Palace, from which we last week published a page of sketches, will be sure to recognize Waldmann and Waldina, the long-haired Dachshunds of our sketches, on another page. These dogs are the property of S. Bagster, Esq., whose letter concerning the breed to which they belong appeared last week on page 315. For that and their history we must refer our readers to Mr. Bagster's letter.

A SHOWERY DAY ON THE RIVER.

WHAT river? Why the river, of course—in other words the Thames, which is just now in the height of its glory as a race-course; for fishing, and as a thoroughfare crowded with boat-loads of pleasure-seekers getting "a good blow" or a little coolness, in small boats and great boats, rowing boats, race boats, sailing boats, steam boats, in short in boats of every kind, character, and quality. Where its banks grow quiet and rural, mount into breezy hills, or sink into verdant valleys, these holiday seekers enjoy the calm and quiet of a day in the country, boating, or fishing, or reading. Away on the south-eastern slopes of the Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire, where Thames has its rise, through Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Surrey, and Middlesex, during these bright sunny days groups of pleasure seekers are to be found, and they abound, where it blends with the oblivion-giving sea at the Nore. In shady nooks of thorny boughs, where anglers and lovers love to lurk, where trees are green and the sky is blue, and where the waves run pure and bright to where the waters are muddy, the sky a dun pall of smoke and soot, and the river traffic creates a constant scene of turmoil and noise, we find pleasure seekers. What a showery day means to many of these health and joy seeking fraternity, Mr. Dower Wilson has ably realised for us, in his clever series of bright and attractive sketches.

PROPHETIC PICTURES FOR NEXT YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Our R.A. prophet (Mr. Furniss) has supplied us with another page of his amusing pictorial prophecies. We have already—in strict confidence—explained to our readers the means whereby our artist contrives to prophesy so confidently from the present, next year's pictures, and the following extracts from the catalogue of the Royal Academy's one hundred and eighth exhibition will be all that is necessary to convince our readers, so far as possible, of the accuracy with which he sees the future:—1,273, "Under the Spell"; 909, clothes without the—no, we mean lady without her clothes; 113, "The Thames" (looking very unlike itself); 942 "Looking for a Safe Investment"; 139, old volunteers—"The Crusaders"; 156, "The Apothecary"; 928, "Pa-ha-ura-tau-ka, the great Scalper"; 160 bears the same title, as next year's picture will appear with, the treatment, however, will differ, and the view-point; 259, "The Threat," of which the sign is a clenched fist. Next year's sign will, you perceive, be quite as familiar; 365, "A Certain Trout Stream"; 388, "He Never Came"; 46, "A Lincolnshire Gang"; 412, "At Death's Door"; 496 has a quotation from the *Odyssey*, from which we need give but a line to throw light upon Mr. Furniss's prophetic sketch:—

"the dogs knew her coming, and with whine
And whimpering crouched aloof."

1,326, "An Appeal for Mercy," which differs slightly from next year's appeal for ditto; 391 has a quotation from which we need but extract a line—"The quays were lined with the famishing population." And now, Mr. Furniss, with No. 1876 we'll trouble you to cease prophesying.

MISS KATHERINE MUNROE,

Whose portrait in the character of Mdlle. Lange appears on our front page, is now an established favourite in London, having achieved, in her special line, a position amongst us accorded to few American artists, either here or elsewhere. She is "from" New York city. In 1869 she left there for Milan, where she studied under Maestro San Giovanni for a period of three years, when she made her *début*, and sang in *Don Pasquale*. After this she sang in different Italian cities in the principal rôles in *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, *Ballo in Maschera*, &c. Miss Munroe was engaged three times at Naples to sing in *Il Barbier di Siviglia* and in *Marta*, studying while there with the celebrated Maestro de Royas. In the winter of 1873-4 she was engaged by Strackosch for the Italian Opera, Paris, but her voice having suffered from hard work and an obstinately severe cold, she was advised to come to England and turn her attention to opéra-bouffe. This advice she lost no time in carrying into effect; and in September, 1874, she made her *début* at the Gaiety in an operetta entitled *Pomme d'Assi*, adapted from the French expressly for her. The favourable impression created by Miss Munroe on that occasion will be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. Subsequently, as Mdlle. Lange and the Prince at the Holborn Theatre, she more than made good her initial success. Afterwards we find her at the Philharmonic Theatre in the *Bohemian Girl*, and again in *Madame Angot*, the part she took in which revival ending her wanderings so far as the metropolis was concerned. She was engaged at the Alhambra on the 10th of May, 1875, sang in *Chilperic* for eighty-three nights, in *Spectre* for one hundred nights, and she has now been singing in the *Voyage dans la Lune* for over sixty nights. Miss Munroe's capabilities are well known. After what we have said about her musical training, it is not necessary to observe that as far as culture is concerned, her efforts leave nothing to be desired. There is no lack of "go" in her acting, but it is perhaps necessary to remark that she comports herself in opéra-bouffe as a perfect lady should. We may add that Miss Katherine Munroe speaks French and Italian with fluency. In her private relations she is as much esteemed, as she is admired from the public point of view, for her varied accomplishments.

SYLVIA, THE NEW PARISIAN BALLET.

AT any time a new Ballet at the Grand Opera, Paris, creates a sensation of no mean proportions, but that last introduced—*Sylvia, ou La Nymphe de Diane*—has exceeded in its effect upon Parisian playgoers most of its predecessors. The author is M. Jules Barbier, and the music is by M. Leo Delibes, the part of prima ballerina being filled by Mdlle. Sangalli, whose exquisite grace and picturesque attitudes are enthusiastically applauded. Long before the rising of the curtain on this new ballet, every nook and corner of the Grand Opera has its occupants. The scenery is most artistic and delightful, and too much praise cannot be lavished upon the ingenuity and pictorial beauty of the Sacred Wood scene of the first act, which is remarkably natural and real looking. The only fault it has is that of being more like a French than a Grecian forest. The last tableau is one of singular brilliancy, the scene, with its

delightful sky and blue transparent water, bathed in the glory of intensely brilliant sunshine, being one of great power and beauty. The costumes deserve high praise for fancy and arrangements of colour. Our sketches represent Scene I., in which Sylvia, in her scorn of the softer passions, shoots an arrow at Cupid's statue, which the sly god diverts, so that it enters the breast of her lover, Arminta, who has been bold enough to conceal himself near where the nymph has been bathing, and rash enough to entertain a desperate passion for the beautiful goddess. By the subsequent intervention of a sorcerer, Arminta is restored to life, and after many acts of daring, with hairbreadth escapes, Diana in admiration and pity for the youth, allows him to woo her nymph.

The centre sketch represents the last scene, to which we have already referred; and the lower sketch represents a cavern in the second act, which is haunted by Orion, the fierce Black Hunter, who has also been smitten with love of Diana's beautiful love-scoring nymph. Finding Sylvia here, he rolls to its mouth a huge rock, thus making her his prisoner, and proceeds to urge his love with passionate earnestness. The goddess hears him with anger and contempt; he seizes an axe to strike her. His fierceness changes her scorn to terror, and in her despair she calls upon Cupid for aid. The god of love, at last triumphant, comes smilingly to her rescue, and Orion sinks before him through the earth. We cannot conclude without alluding to the "Valse lente" of the first act, a hunting air, beautiful in its melody, and the spirited *pezzicato* of all the string instruments.

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

BEFORE venturing to describe the play in the Oxford and Cambridge match, it will perhaps be as well to clear the state of other matches which have taken place since last Wednesday, and the first which claims my attention is that between the Gentlemen of the South and the Players of the South, which came off at the Oval on Thursday and Friday. This year, for some doubtless sapient reason, the match was fixed for two days only, much, I should fancy, to the chagrin of the Secretary of the Surrey Club, who always rejoices in a good Saturday afternoon "gate." In consequence of this stupid arrangement—I can call it by no other name—the match ended in a draw, very much in favour of the Gentlemen, who scored 246 and 40 (for three wickets) against 147 and 160. Mr. J. D. Walker and Mr. Blacker played in very fine style for 63 and 86 respectively. The last-named gentleman always seems to acquit himself well in any other match but that between Oxford and Cambridge. Nervousness, I am told, is the cause, but this I cannot vouchsafe. Another drawn match was played on the same two days at Lord's, but when one takes into consideration the great preparation which has to be made for the University match this arrangement cannot be wondered at. The match in question was the return between the M.C.C. and Ground and Oxford University. Marylebone played a very strong team, including notabilities like "W. G." Mr. Booth, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Ottaway, and two such bowlers as Shaw and Morley. Against such an eleven the University made an excellent show, scoring 204 and 150 (five wickets down), the chief contributors being A. J. Webb, who obtained 95 and 49, Heath 3 and 50, Briggs 10 and 23 (not out), and Game 30 and 12 (not out). Marylebone made 277 in their single innings, the Oxford bowling once more being manifestly their weakness. W. G. Grace amassed 67, C. Booth 78 by some very vigorous hitting, and C. J. Ottaway 46 in his usually careful style, the remainder of the lot making a very poor show. It really seems a great misfortune that so attractive a match should be drawn simply for want of time, and if so many valuable minutes were not wasted, this most unsatisfactory of all conclusions might easily be avoided. Why cannot the committee of the M.C.C. who are (not seem) omnipotent, frame a law compelling all two day matches at Lord's to commence not later than eleven a.m., allowing half an hour only for luncheon, and not to finish play before half-past seven, from the middle of June to the middle of the following month? But I am, as usual, getting prosy, so let me slaughter one or two more matches before coming to my "big game." Yorkshire at the end of last week gave Lancashire a rare drubbing—nine wickets being the verdict—at Manchester. For the county Palatine Mr. Hornby alone made any stand, he scoring 23 and 43 out of 56 and 98, or, in other words, more than one-third of the whole number obtained by his side. Yorkshire obtained 138 and 17 (for one wicket), Myers, of whom I spoke in high terms some weeks back, heading the total of the county of many acres with 36 and 8 (not out). Why there should be such a wholesome dread of Armitage's slows I cannot imagine. Let me be perfectly explicit; I do not for one moment intend to decry his bowling, but having in "my mind's eye" one or two other lob bowlers brought out by Yorkshire, I cannot understand why his bowling should always prove so destructive. Perhaps my old friend Roger Iddison may be able to cause the scales to fall from my eyes. When I can afford an outing at the expense of any newspaper, commend me to Winchester on the occasion of a good cricket match, and I much regret that my presence was required "in another place" (parliamentary language), when Eton and Winchester fought out their forty-seventh match on Friday and Saturday last. The result was like the handle of a tea-pot—all on one side—Eton winning by an innings and 99 runs to spare. Although so one-sided an affair, could not I have enjoyed myself, as there would have been very little to do, and my spare time (?) I could have easily filled up by a little trying for a big trout I saw last year, or wandering about the quaint old city and its suburbs, and last, not least, by sampling the very peculiar old ale in the College cellar. As an old cricketer and a Fellow of my College, in my undergraduate days, perhaps Dr. Riddings will excuse my "gush."

Wednesday saw Oxford defeated by Cambridge with nine wickets to fall. I had all along fancied the light blues, but did not in the least anticipate so easy a victory. The weather proving very fine, an enormous attendance was present on the first two days more than on any other previous occasion. Oxford won the toss, and, as a matter of course, went in first, and a very bad commencement they made, as Webbe, Heath, and Dury all were out when 13 runs had been scored. Buckland and Briggs, however, ran up the total to 60, when the former left. Briggs remained in until joined by the last of his side, when he succumbed to a shooter. Cambridge commenced equally as badly as Oxford, Greenfield and Blacker both being got rid of when seven runs only had been made. Lucas, Steel, A. Lyttelton, and Patterson did just as they liked with the bowling of Oxford, which was particularly weak. Patterson's innings was a grand performance, made without a chance; in fact, I don't remember a University match, in which there were fewer chances given, for myself I did not see one. Oxford were 190 to the bad, and had lost half their wickets for 60, when Game and Briggs got together, and a magnificent stand they made, adding 116 to the total before Briggs left. On Campbell joining his captain, Game, another fine stand was made, 73 runs being put on before Game retired, after scoring 109 in an unusually steady manner for him. He hit freely when he had a chance, making seventeen 4's in his score. It has never happened before this match that two men have exceeded 100. Cambridge lost one wicket when the game was a "tie," but won easily, as above stated. The fielding of both sides was what it ought to be—excellent—but the bowling was weak. Below is the full score of the match:—

	OXFORD.	1st inn.	2nd inn.
A. J. Webbe, Esq., c Shaw b Luddington	1	c Greenfield b Patterson...	16
F. M. Buckland, Esq., c A. Lyttelton b Patterson	32	c and b Luddington	0
A. H. Heath, Esq., b Luddington	0	b Luddington	0
T. S. Dury, Esq., c A. Lyttelton b Luddington	7	b Luddington	25
R. Briggs, Esq., b Luddington	41	b Allsopp	32
A. Pearson, Esq., b Patterson	0	b Luddington	14
W. H. Game, Esq., c Shaw b Luddington	4	b w, b Greene	109
D. Campbell, Esq., c Newton b Patterson	6	b Greenfield	43
V. Royle, Esq., c A. Lyttelton b Patterson	2	not out	11
C. P. Lewis, Esq., c Greenfield b Patterson	15	c Greenfield b Patterson...	1
H. G. Tylecote, Esq., not out	0	b Greenfield	0
B 2, 1 b 2	4	B 5, 1 b 3, w 2 b 1	11
Total	112	Total	262
	CAMBRIDGE.	1st inn.	2nd inn.
F. J. Greenfield, Esq., b Lewis	1	not out	23
A. P. Lucas, Esq., c Campbell b Royle	67	not out	0
W. Blacker, Esq., b Lewis	18	run out	47
E. Lyttelton, c briggs b Lewis	24	B 4, 1 b 5, w 1	6
D. Q. Steel, Esq., c and b Royle	43	Total	76
Hon. A. Lyttelton, c Briggs b Pearson	105	Umpires: Farrands and Rylott.	
W. S. Patterson, Esq., not out	10		
V. K. Shaw, Esq., b Pearson	0		
H. T. Allsopp, Esq., b Buckland	21		
S. C. Newton, Esq., b Pearson	7		
H. T. Luddington, Esq., b Lewis	6		
B 4, 1 b 5, w 1	10		
Total	302	Total	76

So, after all, the clever people are in the wrong again, and Sadler has been fairly and squarely beaten by Trickett for the sculling championship. Had Sadler been fit, say some, the result would have been very different; but I for one maintain that the best man won. Youth will be served, and it must be borne in mind that Sadler is an old man for a sculler, and in his opponent he was meeting a man ten years his junior—a very great disadvantage. A detailed description of the race is needless, and I may simply say that at Craven Point Trickett was in front, and, taking matters easily, won by four lengths.

As I anticipated, the International Four-oared Race, so called, between the Frankfort Rowing Club and the London Rowing Club, resulted in a very easy victory for the latter. The interest taken in the affair was of a negative quality, judging from the betting, any odds up to 10 to 1 being laid on the L.R.C., they having 46 stone of propelling power in their boat against 42 stone on board the foreign craft. The Germans certainly looked a muscular lot as regards their arms, but otherwise there was not much development about them, while their opponents were almost "cherry ripe." The Frankfort four held their own as far as Bishop's Creek, but from this point there was only one in it, as at Hammersmith Bridge the Londoners were 10 seconds ahead, and were taking matters very quietly. Although our foreign friends sputtered at times very pluckily, it was a guinea to a gooseberry on the others at Barnes, where Mr. Gulston called on his men for a final burst, and eventually the Londoners won with great ease by about a quarter of a minute in 22 minutes 24 seconds. Mr. E. D. Brickwood officiated as umpire from the "Warrior" (Captain Rush).

EXON.

YACHTING.

THE following items of news were excluded from last week's issue by press of matter.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

SCHOONER MATCH PRIZE.—Value £100; course from Roserville round the Mouse Light and back, about fifty-three nautical miles. Yacht Racing Association. Time allowances:—Olga, 215 tons, Mr. J. A. Hankey; Egeria, 153 tons, 9min 20sec allowance, Mr. J. Mulholland. When they were dispatched, a few minutes before noon, the lightest of airs prevailed from about south. Egeria was smartest in canting. Off the Ship and Lobster they found a catspaw, which brought Olga ramping up, but she was, of course, denied a weather passage. At 1.20 p.m. the wind backed still further to E.S.E. This brought them close hauled, so Egeria handed flying kites, and tacked at the East Blyth buoy. She fetched across to Leigh, whilst Olga stuck to her balloon maintopsail, but shifted jibs as she winded off Leigh. After beating down the rest of the way by long boards, they gybed round the Mouse as the young flood was making. Egeria, 3h 53min 43 sec; Olga, 3h 55min 5sec. Sheets were eased off, spinnakers boomed out to port, and all available flying kites got aloft. At the Middle Blyth, at 6.20 p.m., both shifted all head canvass for second spinnakers on bowsprits, and Olga drew up a trifle, but Egeria presently got a catspaw, and ran away. Twenty minutes later the breeze headed them, and came right down from about S.S.W., which caused sheets to be brought right aft. They managed to fetch through the Lower Hope, and after a gybe off the Ship and Lobster, reached past the mark-boat in a fast-failing breeze as follows:—

	H. M. S.
Egeria (£100)	7 55 14
Olga	7 59 34

YAWL MATCH.—Prize £100. Same course and time allowance as above:—Corisande, 145 tons, Mr. J. Richardson; Florinda, 137 tons, 1min. 33sec., Mr. W. Jessop; Surf, 54 tons, 27min., Mr. F. Williams; Neptune, 50 tons, 29min. 6sec., Mr. N. B. Stewart. As they canted Corisande had on her spring rather long, and had Florinda aboard her port quarter. Neptune accordingly slipped away on Surf's weather, all sending gaff topsails aloft. On getting clear both the big ones reached rapidly through the lee of the small craft. Florinda tacked across the two schooners at the Nore, and the wind freed them, as they got down to the Oaze, more than it did the schooners. In fact, they were all able to make a long leg for the mark on starboard tack, and Neptune setting her jib topsail, held first prize safe. They gybed round thus:—Florinda, 3h. 49min. 59sec.; Corisande, 3h. 50min. 22sec.; Neptune, 4h. 4min. 46sec.; Surf, 4h. 10min. 25sec.

Everything that could possibly be got to draw was utilised for the run up, the Florinda being a perfect sight with double water-sails, balloon foresail inside her spinnaker, balloon jib, and jib topsail. Neptune and Surf brought up rather more wind and tide than the two big ones, but otherwise they encountered the same paltry weather as the schooners, and the match resulted as follows, without further incident:—Florinda, 7h. 47min. 53sec.; Corisande, 7h. 58min. 47sec.; Neptune (£100 by time), 8h. 3min. 18sec.; Surf, 8h. 5min. 40sec.

Vice-Commodore Earle afterwards distributed the very handsome prizes, by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Regent-street, on board the club steamer.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]





THE YEARLING SALES AT NEWMARKET.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty yearlings will be put up to auction during the ensuing week, the pleasantest of all meetings at headquarters where the shining hours may be luxuriously improved under the greenwood tree behind the Ditch. Since the virtual desertion of Albert Gate by breeders, Newmarket has come more and more into fashion as a place for disposing of thoroughbred stock, and there are many advantages in the selection of its locality for this purpose. Nearly all the racing world takes wing there for what may be termed the great two-year-old carnival, and the conveniences afforded to breeders and buyers alike by the morning and evening sales in Park Paddocks are almost equal to those at Doncaster, while proceedings are got through quietly, and without the interference of the "great unwashed." The northern training stables may not furnish so powerful a contingent of purchasers as on the banks of the Don; but the chief employers of labour in such establishments as Middleham, Richmond, and other Yorkshire centres of racing are mostly in town for the season, and can combine business with pleasure in running down to catch a breath of fresh air upon the Heath. Gradually we find that "centralisation" is the policy of those breeders whose lots are not sufficiently strong to command a day to themselves, as at Cobham and Middle Park, and it is far better and more convenient that there should be a general gathering and clear out once for all, instead of a series of instalments spread over the whole of the season, where customers are few and biddings languish. It will be impossible to write an account of all the various lots which will come up for sale on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and, inasmuch as they had not all arrived in Newmarket at the date of our visit, we can only lay before our readers short notices of the principal studs represented in the catalogue of each day.

MR. WARING'S YEARLINGS.

ACROPOLIS was a very fast mare in her early days, and succeeded in lowering the colours of the redoubtable Marie Stuart when they met for the first time at Epsom. The filly is her first foal, a whole-coloured bay, and combines the blood of Lord of the Isles, Fandango, Stockwell, and Newminster; so that her pedigree credentials are of the highest order, and she has picked up her crumbs well, being one of the most forward of the Buckland Court lot. She is very quick on her legs, and looks like speed all over, being capable of holding her own among bigger and longer-striding animals. She looks like opening the two-year-old ball of 1877 with profit, and is blessed with sound limbs and a capital constitution.

The Bangle colt is bred somewhat after the fashion of Macgregor, and, like most of the stock of Favonius, is a clean-made, wiry sort, with a deal of the Sweetmeat cut about him. He gives one the idea of training a bit "light," as the saying goes, and none of his contemporaries at Buckland have made such improvement from the days of their foalhood. He was dropped at Cobham, and Mr. Bell described him as a "dun," at first sight; but he has since "altered his colours" to a deep, rich brown, and promises to furnish into a thoroughly useful horse of his class.

Our Mary Ann's filly is by the same sire, and quite as good-looking, though perhaps not so substantial as her dam's yearling of 1875 by North Lincoln. We hear that Linkman, though his débüt was nothing very extraordinary, is going on well, and the mare has been at Mentmore again this season.

Lady Chesterfield's filly is half-sister to Atalanta, and a capital specimen of the King's get. She will furnish, however, into a bigger and more powerful filly than the wiry daughter of Thormanby, and shows a deal of fashion and quality. At Christmas she was a long low animal, then began to grow slightly "on leg," but has now settled down into her original form, and with the exception of being a trifle upright before, can take rank among the best looking of her sex. She is very cleverly put together, with great bone and substance, fine quarters, and hocks well let down, and good both to meet and to follow.

Penelope Plotwell's youngster will be one of the most powerful and bony yearlings sent up for sale this year, and is even more compactly built than his chestnut half-sister by Thormanby, which Mr. Johnstone purchased for a large sum at Cobham last year. This colt has recently been a trifle amiss from influenza, but is picking up every day, and is almost certain to command a good price. He may be a trifle heavy before, but his back and loins are a study, and he exhibits all the characteristics of King of the Forest's stock in his superb quarters and thighs, while his depth of girth is in harmony with the rest of his well-knit frame.

A half-sister to Vulcan, by the same sire, will advertise herself, and though she was inclined to be coarse as a foal, she has gradually fined down and improved, and will yield to none in respect of length, liberty, and quality. She takes a good deal after her dam in general outline, but is closer to the ground, and with bigger bone. She is of a good hard dappled brown colour, and to our mind, quite the pick of the fillies, though, perhaps, not quite on so large a scale as her relative from Battaglia. Her legs and feet are hard and sound, and altogether she seems to have been better suited by the King than by the various loves who have courted her during her career at the stud.

A bay half-brother to Rosy Cross will engage the notice of good judges at once. He is quite as racing-like as the Heath House filly, but built upon different lines, with a great deal of his sire's low and lengthy character about him. Being rather a late foal, he is only just catching up the rest, and his advance has been in some measure retarded by a sharp attack of influenza, from which he is only just recovering. This colt is remarkable for fine length and bone, well-developed muscular power, and especially good quarters and thighs, while there is no lumber about him.

Atonement's colt is, perhaps, the best she has yet thrown, and as she claims to be the dam of Eve and Water Lily, the only two of her produce which have yet appeared, people in search of running blood will not be long in making up their minds to cut in for this very smart youngster. To our eye he is quite the cleverest, though, perhaps, not the biggest of the bunch, and is a sherry bay with a crooked blaze, which we shall look for in the van of many a field. In colour and general style he bears a strong resemblance to his grandsire, Lord of the Isles, with far better shaped fore legs and more substance throughout.

King's Cross is one of the biggest yearlings we shall see led into the ring this season—not the tallest, perhaps, but one of the thickest and best furnished. Barring his being a trifle coarse about the setting on of his head, he is really a magnificent youngster, and looks ready to go into training forthwith. Thomas Cartwright has brought up his lot in excellent condition, without being too fat, and though influenza has recently paid its most unwelcome visitation to Buckland, its effects are scarcely visible, and the scourge has been sparing of its worst and most enervating influence.

THE BONEHILL YEARLINGS.

Handsome as a "Tulip," is a description which may be fairly applied to the Blinkhoolie filly, whose dam will be well remembered as an early two-year-old flyer, in Mr. "Heene's" colours. Like most of the produce of this recently-exported sire, his daughter is neatness and symmetry itself, albeit in rather too small a compass to command the success which such perfection of form righteously deserves. Nothing can be smarter or more elegant; but we fear she may not have size enough to hold her own with longer striding horses.

There can be no doubt as to the parentage of Musketeer, which is admitted by his appropriate nomenclature. With two "dashes" of Melbourne blood, and one of Stockwell, it is no wonder that this colt shows like a commoner by the side of his more aristocratically connected contemporaries. He has three white legs, and one very white eye, a Roman nose with the familiar family blaze, and is a model of power over back and loins. His rather badly shaped knees and stilted forelegs, sadly detract from what would otherwise be a well-knit frame; but he shows better out of his box than in it.

Allegra (own sister to Merry Thought) is a very charming filly, indeed, bay with black points, on short well-formed legs, with abundance of "bony structure," and capital shoulders and girth. She looks what she is described, a thoroughly hard, honest filly, and not lacking in quality; and we may safely predict that she will blossom early, if indeed she is not too "set" to alter much with age.

Alcazar, by Pero Gomez from a Newminster mare, has perhaps more "character" about her than anything in the collection. Her head and neck are Newminster's all over, and she is one of the low and lengthy sort which, either on the race-course or at the stud, are sure to make a name. Good wine needs no bush, so that we need not linger over the charms of this very business-like youngster.

Alameda, by the same sire out of a Wild Dayrell mare, inherits her glossy brown coat from both sides of her pedigree, and is a thicker, more compact and muscular animal, with longer quarters than "Pero" is in the habit of transmitting to his progeny. She may be a trifle short in the neck, but a better-furnished filly we could not wish to see, and all that she requires is lengthening out, so as to ensure the requisite liberty of action.

Titania is a clean-made, wiry, wear-and-tear looking filly, bearing a strong resemblance to Sir Joseph's St. Leger winner, in her rather short quarters, and in length from the point of the hock to the ground. She may be a trifle lighter of bone than the rest of her relatives; but "Pero" has certainly endowed all his offspring with the magnificent sloping shoulders and amplitude of girth which he himself has the good fortune to possess. Breeders like to see the sire stamp an image of himself on his stock, and we can confidently assert this to be the case with Pero Gomez.

The Moor does not belie his name, and is a complete replica of his sire, bearing a marvellous resemblance to Beadsman about his forehead. At first sight, he appears to be an "odd-made" horse, but he pulls himself better together when set a-going, and shows all that grand development of muscle about his arms and thighs which also distinguishes the offshoots of The Palmer and his handsome brother, Rosicrucian.

Salute is a daughter of that stanch horse, Musket, out of My Lady, and has size and bone enough for anything, though not quite so cleanly built about the knees as the most fastidious might desire. Like her sire, she has a capital back and quarters, but we should prefer to see her after twelve months have gone by, before pledging ourselves to a distinct opinion as to the racing capabilities which she ought most surely to inherit.

Matador is another youngster by Pero Gomez out of a Newminster mare; but in this case the paternal influence has proved itself the strongest, and though girth, shoulders, back, and general muscular development may justly be registered as A 1, there is something about the shape and setting on of the forelegs which does not altogether please. This colt, moreover, is not a brilliant mover in his slow paces, though it is only fair to add that he improves upon acquaintance, and has plenty of size and bone.

Infanta claims descent from a West Australian mare, and is finely topped, with great length and liberty, and a racing-like cut about her. She is not quite so good below as above stairs, and, although possessing many good points, cannot hold a candle to more than one of her predecessors in the catalogue.

There is nothing whatever of the handsome Scottish Chief about Red Comyn, but a very great deal of Stockwell shown in his chestnut coat, with white face and heels, flaxen mane and tail, and general characteristics. This colt is a bit dipped in the back, and stands with his hocks rather away from him, while his forelegs are not of that clean, steely order which we are accustomed to associate with high-class performers.

Conquest may be described as a short horse on long legs, partaking much of the style of King Tom, from whom his-dam is descended. This likeness is most apparent in his quarters and hocks, which are quite those of the Mentmore King, but he is far from a bad specimen, and is good both to meet and to follow.

Little Popoffka looks as quick as a rabbit and as handy as a weasel, but she will hardly hold her own when pitted against competitors of a larger growth. Still she will probably pay her way if not too ambitiously engaged; but she must do it the first time of asking or not at all, as her promise lies in her extreme precocity and smartness.

THE DEWHURST YEARLINGS.

Probably the best lot of yearlings ever collected together will represent Mr. Gee on Wednesday. We write this advisedly, and without any notion of favouring one breeder at the expense of his brethren. Putting on one side the gems of the collection, and taking their average throughout, there are fewer commoners among the thirty-six than we ever remember to have seen in so large an assemblage. Moreover, there is not a curvy hock, nor a really weedy looking youngster amongst them, though, of course, some vastly outshine others. But we cannot afford space for any longer preliminary, and must hasten down to the starting post at once, preferring to take the list as at present arranged, with the yearlings grouped under their respective sires, instead of standing upon the order of their coming under the hammer.

Commencing with the list of the Lord Clifden's, the colt from Maid of the Mist first claims our notice. A more magnificent youngster in all his points we have never seen, and nothing could be better qualified by appearance, to take his sire's place at the stud. He will amply recommend himself, therefore we need not dilate upon his excellencies; but pass on to the Queen Bee colt, as fine a topped yearling as we could desire, but lacking the bone of the first mentioned, and not quite so strongly jointed. He is of a longer and lower type than Kingsclere, his own brother of last year, and, to our eye, a far superior class of animal. The Ammunition colt is still backward, but has plenty to grow to, provided he is indulged with time to fill out and furnish, but he sadly lacks substance at present. There is a deal of character about the Idalia colt, and he should strip a good three-year-old, though not, perhaps, so muscular a specimen as some of his brethren. Still the closer he is inspected the better he will be liked, and his pedigree is full of the best running blood on both sides, and that composed of strains which have invariably nicked well with Newminster and his sons. A very excellent sample of the late Lord is his chestnut colt from Donna del Lago, and cast in the very mould of his sire. More than one good judge has come back to his box after running through the catalogue, and this is no small compliment. There can be no question that this, the last lot of Lord Clifden's, is by far the best of his produce, and their good points lie in well-laid shoulders, thickness through the heart, good backs and loins, and plenty of bone and substance throughout. The Gem colt has marvellous power in all his points;

and it is a treat to see such large-framed horses, with elastic pony-like action, and totally devoid of all coarseness and lumber. Miss Grimston's colt is almost the only Lord Clifden with a white mark, and here it is only the off-hind heel; and he has a good old-fashioned, game-looking head, and a general wear-and-tear character about him, perhaps slightly detracted from by rather long pasterns, which, however, show no signs of weakness. The Baroness filly bears no great resemblance to her sister, Miss Toto, taking more after her Stockwell dam, with a Romanesque head, shortish neck, and drooping quarters. She has more bone, too, than Miss Toto; but is thoroughly racing-like, and shows out well, moving like a piece of machinery. Balle's half-sister is one of the long, rakish-looking sort, with wiry limbs, standing over a deal of ground, and with a "varmint" air about her. Gemma's filly is a light, stylish animal, full of quality, with the sweetest of heads and tempers, and it seems as if her speedy dam was at last destined to make amends for her previous shortcomings at the stud, for, if this filly does not race, there is nothing in shape, make, or breeding. The daughter of Lavinia holds out attractions in her excellent girth and shoulders, and is one of the hardy sort, not likely to succumb to the casualties of early training. The Potash filly has rather straight hocks, but she is all that can be desired over the back and loins, and good both to follow and to meet; and it should be borne in mind that Newminster and his sons have, after King Tom, perhaps, been most successful with Voltigeur mares. There are two crosses each of Touchstone and Melbourne in the Pulsatilla filly; but this rather bold experiment of Mr. Gee's has resulted in a very useful youngster, though she is not altogether equal in bone and substance to the majority of the foregoing. We now come to a quintette of Scottish Chiefs—one colt and four fillies; and we hardly know which to admire most. Perhaps the daughter of Violet is altogether the most racing-like, being very lengthy and deep, and full of quality; while the half-sister to Acteon is not nearly so thick as the King of the Forest colt, but has great liberty, and will be put down as "quite the lady." The white-footed daughter of Cassidua has "speed" written on every point, and her relative from Emily will bear looking at, though her shoulders may be a trifle upright, and she rather falls away behind, like her half-brother, Normanby. The Rupee colt is a very light bay, with the "stripe" running down his back which, curiously enough, has distinguished most of his dam's produce, and he has a grey hind leg, which makes him good to know. With fine length and shape, he combines all the fine quality of his handsome race, and though his legs are not so hard-looking as might be wished, he will stand a lot of work, with clever management. King o' Scots shows three colts, and while Dulcibella's son will command himself to the notice of good judges by his great thickness and massive strength, the other two are not quite up to Dewhurst form, being round in their joints, and cursed with long, weak pasterns. We always have a friendly passage of arms with Mr. Gee concerning the merits of Cecrops, who seems to get most of his stock with light bone and mealy legs, but his filly out of York Belle is a real credit to the Sir Hercules bay, having the style and length of the Adventurer family, from which her dam is derived. His Ringdove colt and Devotion filly are fair specimens, no more, and it will require some smart public performance on the part of his stock to ensure for him a share of public patronage. However, Mr. Gee has given him a great chance this year, and is a thorough believer in the horse; so that it will be the fault of Cecrops if he fails to improve the situation. The Miner shows a neat but rather small colt out of Catilina, a wonderfully bred mare by Macaroni out of Margaret of Anjou (who should rank high among the Dewhurst matrons); and then we arrive at a very grand Thunderbolt colt from Edith, cast in much the same mould as his sire, but with better length and more quality. The resemblance about the head is marvellous, but his neck is longer and less loaded, and there is more "scope" about the son than the sire. Perhaps his girth is hardly in proportion to the size of the youngster, and he may not be coupled together so strongly as to render his back and loins models of perfection, but we shall be prepared to see him grow into a dangerous customer. The finest Thormanby yearling we ever saw is out of Actress, by Stockwell, a chestnut, ticked with white hairs, and with a flaxen mane and tail. He is a stronger and more bony edition of the Merry crack, very straight along the back, and with the best set of legs and feet ever put upon a horse; while he possesses substance without coarseness, and moves with great freedom and truth of action.

A very charming filly is Orest's, from Lady Ravensworth, not very large, but full of good racing points, with capital limbs, almost perfect shape, and the head and eye of a deer. All the family run, so she will not be long in finding a new home; and the same may be said of the King Tom—Maid of Perth filly, quite the tallest of the young ladies, and requiring time to develop her fine frame. The solitary Plaudit is out of Murcia, a Lord of the Isles mare, but though he has great bone he is a trifle dipped in the back, and his slackness of loin is exaggerated by width of hips. The biggest Blinkhoolie we have yet seen is the bay filly from Summer's Eve, but she has not lost in beauty of symmetry through her gain in size, and there is nothing more level, compact, and fuller of sweet quality in the three dozen which hail from Dewhurst. A filly by Vespasian out of Flash, by Thunderbolt, reads very smart on paper, and she is likely enough to fulfil all expectations on this score, and will not require much training. She has a pair of lop ears, and a good deal of character besides; but she might be bigger in bone and stronger in her pastern-joints. A filly by Camerino out of Crossfire is really a good specimen of the horse's stock, and we question whether there is anything more thoroughly racing-like in Park Paddocks. Even the General Peel filly is beyond the average run of her race, though she stands away a little behind, and the daughter of Palmer and Agility is one of the finest little models of a racing pony which we have come across this season. We only regret that more space is not at our disposal to do full justice to this extraordinary collection of juveniles; but all the world will have the opportunity of judging for themselves during the next week, and we venture to predict for Mr. Gee the best sale since the establishment of his stud.

THE CITY RINK.—It is curious to note in connection with this newly-opened, improved, and very attractive skating rink, that it stands just where the old Londoners first enjoyed the earliest rude attempts at skating. We can recall no earlier notice of skating in England than that given by Fitz Stephen in his description of London, wherein he speaks of "the great fenne or moor, which watereth the walls of the citie on the north side," and says when it is frozen "many young men play upon the ice . . . some stryding as wide as they may, doe slide swiftly; some tye bones to their feete, and under their heele, and shoving themselves by a little picked staffe, do slide as swiftly as a birde flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow."

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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

GIVE me to drink, Mandragora, if you please, and all the drowsy syrups of the world. That is how I feel at present. Approach me with no tragic pageants, no gloomy romance that bids the tears of sentimental maids to flow. Ask me not to consider with the philosopher, nor to bandy epigrams with the wit. I absolutely forbid ye to disturb the mellow quiet of my mind with aught that calls for exercise of thought. Who, save crabbed stoics, when summer is at its height will foolishly apply for solace to austere meditation? I freely confess that I have all the aspirations of a voluptuary. For my future destiny, perhaps 'twere better if I were more alive to what are called the "higher interests" of the drama. But candour impels me to own my pre-



Quaint Fish at the Westminster Aquarium

sent complete indifference therewith. Were the legitimate drama threatened with eternal dissolution unless revived immediately, I would not by voice or pen attempt to revive it.

Start not, neither frown, O high-minded reader. If the truth could be told, you yourself feel pretty much the same as I feel just now. Or if you do not, then the gods have not gifted you with my capacity for simply sensuous enjoyment, and I congratulate you on your superior asceticism. One thing is certain, no reprobating voice will rouse in me the faintest glimmer of high art enthusiasm to-day. Duty may not merely whisper, but shout, if she likes. I am deaf on the side next to her. She cannot drive me to Lyceum portals. I will not endeavour to seriously consider the romantic *Corinne* by the truculent Buchanan. Neither will I examine the great Russian play, that on the first night seemed likely to "outlast a Russian winter." In my present state of mind the bare thought of Russia and serfdom, and the like, makes me shiver with repulsion. And, as for ice and snow, I want no more than is necessary to cool my libations. *Au revoir*, then, my *Danicoff* friends, *au revoir*. The Angel of Procrastination has spread her wings over me. I am joined to my idols; let me alone.



I would fain be surrounded with beauty and sweet sounds. For I abhor the purblind sophistry of the scribe, who not far from this place audaciously argued for the banishment of good looks from our stage. Parodying the bard, I would say "good looks in man or woman dear, my lord, are the immediate jewels of the stage." Now, heaven forfend that we should substitute for them on any intellectual pretence, the grinning visage and the chattering jaws of the primordial monkey! Beauty, let us have beauty. It is the first inspiration of all art.

But even this trifling effort at reflection is too much for me. Where is that Mandragora, I say? Crown me with roses, fan me with birds of Paradise, call in the dancing-girls, and tell the tax-gatherer I am gone out of town. Now am I sinking Lethewards, as the poet hath it. Extraordinary thing, human life—isn't it? Eh, what? Oh, confound it, I *cannot* be intellectual. I tell you I was not born so. Let me bask in the sunshine like any other animal. But I must say something about some theatre, must I? Well, you needn't shake me so violently. I can do it quite as well with my eyes half closed. Because I am not going to talk upon any more dignified, intellectual, refined, sublime, philosophic, aesthetic, heroic, or classic subject than little

Theo.

Who raised the "Comique" when it fell,
And does her best to make it pay, O!
By rousing up the blasé swell?

Little *Theo.*

Now Wigan deems her treasure-trove,
As in the stalls he hears them say, O!
"She's dooced captivating—Jove!"

Is *Theo.*"



A Musical Acting Manager

Not much more art than has the bird,
That lightly hops from spray to spray, O,
With sweet small twitter, hardly heard,
Has *Theo.*

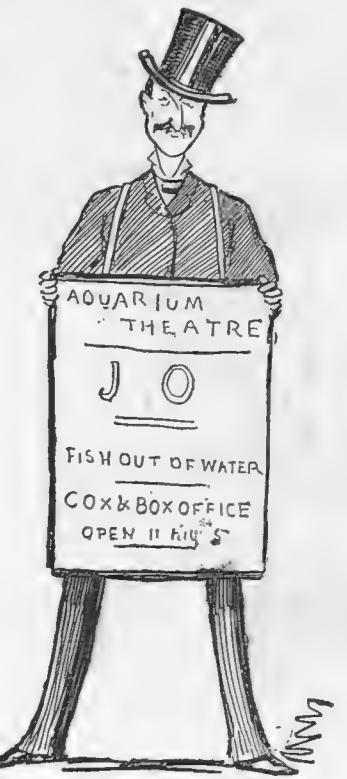
What, though she cannot soar aloft,
Where sings the lark on summer day, O
The limbs are light, the ways are soft,
Of *Theo.*

The darling of the boulevard,
A nymph, a sylph, a sprite, a fay, O!
No mortal critic could be hard
On *Theo.*

Why did she cross the treacherous seas
From Paris ever bright and gay, O!
Our glum hypocrisy must freeze
Little *Theo.*

The British heavens are brass, my dear,
As you will find, if here you stay, O,
They'll break your heart in half a year.
Little *Theo.*

I have been somewhat surprised that some one or two of my readers should complain of a want of connection between the sketches and the libretto of the *Captious Critique*. It is true this week that a great portion of my remarks have really no apparent relation to the little sketches annexed. But although I might, did I choose, give a very philosophical and lucid explanation of the actual, though not visible, connection between the one and



the other, I decline to do so. I am very sorry that any readers of mine should acquire the bad habit of grumbling at the fare that is set before them. I give you all the best that I have it in my power to give. Angels, I believe, cannot do more than this. The sincerity of my devotion to you is unimpeachable. Therefore, good people, I pray of you, be constantly amiable. It quite puts me out when any of you complain.

My sketches this week relate to a place called the Westminster Aquarium. The company are playing the "Jolly Young Waterman" there, in order, if possible, to fill the tanks. A very brilliant notion. Mr. Temple plays the marine hero with much effect. The man with the bill-board in front of him is supposed to be Mr. Edgar Bruce, the active, enterprising, &c. &c. manager. Those two objects in the tank are the Wybrow and the Fruce Billups, both very curious fishes in their respective ways. The joke about the bucket will, of course, be obvious to any school-



Joe at the Aquarium

boy. Bucket—a utensil for holding water. Inspector Bucket (Mr. J. P. Burnett) a detective. D'y'e see? The other sketches explain themselves. Or if they do not, you will easily find out their meaning by paying a visit to the Aquarium Theatre. Ta-ta.

WHIST CANDLESTICK.—Collectors of old Chelsea ware may remember that quaint old whist candlestick of George the Third's time, when the game was in the zenith of its fashionable popularity, and will be interested in learning that it has been reproduced in modern Dresden by Messrs. Litchfield, of Hanway-street, in sets of four, representing hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds on their sides, the three picture cards on the one side, and the ace on the other.

PRIZE CUPS FOR ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.—These cups are as follows:—First class.—Very fine silver cup, Greek design, with ebonised plinth, ornamented with silver shield; the cup is enriched with a scene of the competing yachts rounding the Mouselight. Cup value £100. Second class.—Silver chased, two handled loving cup of the Tudor design, richly chased with flower subject and yachting scene; the competing yachts mounted on ebonised plinths with silver ornaments. Made by E. W. Streeter, 18, New Bond-street.

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THE LIST OF THE DEWHURST YEARLINGS.

BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL, at the PARK PADDOCKS, NEWMARKET, on WEDNESDAY, July 5, the above YEARLINGS, the property of Thomas Gee, Esq., with their engagements (the particulars of which will be given in the catalogues of the day).

1. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, dam, Maid of the Mist (dam of Light Cloud and Dark Cloud), by The Flying Dutchman, dam, Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff, dam, sister to Fox, by Whisker; foaled Jan. 10.
2. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, out of Queen Bee (dam of Lord of the Valley and Bassoon), by King Tom, out of Clementina, by Venison, out of Cobweb, by Phantom; foaled Feb. 17; engaged at Newmarket, 1877, in the Twenty-ninth Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs each.
3. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, dam, Ammunition (dam of Cartridge and Torpedo), by Vedette, dam, Carbine, by Riflemen, dam, Troica, by Lanercost, dam, Siberia, by Brutandor; foaled April 8.
4. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, out of Idalia (winner of the Ham Stakes at Goodwood, &c., by Thunderbolt; out of Dulcibella, her dam, Priestess, by The Doctor); foaled Feb. 5.
5. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, dam, Amorous (dam of Amity, Sir Hugo, and Warren Point), by Ambrose out of Tisiphone, by Gladiator, her dam, Toga, by Sultan; foaled May 30.
6. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Lord Clifden, dam, Donna del Lago (winner of many races, and dam of Helvellyn, Ladoga, Roderick Dhu, &c.), by Lord of the Isles out of Shot (Marksman's dam), by Birdcatcher; foaled March 25.
7. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden, dam, The Gem, by King of Trumps (dam of Turquoise), dam, Amethyst, by Touchstone, dam, Campagne, by The Provost, dam, Gaddie, by Mayfly, foaled Feb. 14.
8. A BAY COLT, by Lord Clifden out of Miss Grimston, by Stockwell out of Miranda, by Lanercost, her dam, Celia, by Touchstone, foaled April 5.
9. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Lord Clifden, dam, Baroness (dam of Miss Toto and Madame Toto), by Stockwell, dam, Escalade, by Touchstone, dam, Ghuznee, by Pantaloan, foaled May 6.
10. A BAY FILLY, by Lord Clifden out of Bohemia (dam of Lady Aliscash, Ruby Castle, and Balfie), by Weatherbit, dam, Cossack Maid, by Hetman Platoff, dam, Sister to Fox, by Whisker, foaled April 3.
11. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Lord Clifden, dam, Gemma, by Womersley out of Garenne, by Gladiator, Ethiron, or Freyston out of Jessie, by Emancipation; foaled Jan. 20.
12. A BAY FILLY, by Lord Clifden, dam Lavinia (dam of Broomknowe and Tamara, and Little Dorrit), by Touchstone, her dam by Lanercost, dam Caroline, by Whisker; foaled May 4.
13. A BROWN FILLY, by Lord Clifden out of Potash (dam of Lady Warren and Margery), dam Alkali, by Slane, dam Sea Kale, by Camel; foaled Jan. 21.
14. A BAY FILLY, by Lord Clifden, dam Pulsatilla, by Orlando, dam Mulligrubs, by Melbourne, her dam Blue Devils, by Velocipede; foaled March 7.
15. A BAY COLT, by Scottish Chief, dam Rupee, winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, and other races (and dam of Lac, Happy Thought, and Sweet Note), out of Bravery, by Gameboy; foaled Feb. 10.
16. A BAY FILLY, by Scottish Chief out of Casidio (dam of Charnwood and Bradgate), by Orlando out of Himalaya, by Bay Middleton, her dam, Moodkee, by Venison; foaled March 26.
17. A BAY FILLY, by Scottish Chief out of Emily (winner of many races, and dam of Valeria, Ainsley, Normanby, &c.), by Stockwell out of Mecane, by Touchstone; foaled Feb. 9.
18. A CHESTNUT FILLY, by Scottish Chief, dam, Virtue, by Stockwell, dam, Patience, by Lanercost, dam, Billet Doux, by Gladiator, dam, Valentine, by Voltaire; foaled Jan. 25.
19. A BAY FILLY, by Scottish Chief out of Violet (dam of Lord Colney, Bedgown, and Bay Wyndham), by Thormanby, dam, Woodbine, by Stockwell, dam, Honeysuckle, by Touchstone, dam, Beeswing, by Dr. Syntax; foaled Feb. 28.
20. A BROWN COLT, by King o' Scots, dam, Dulcibella (winner of the Cesarewitch and other races, and dam of Idalia, Scintilla, Alexandra, Onslow, &c.), by Voltigeur out of Priestess by The Doctor; foaled Jan. 2.
21. A BAY COLT, by King o' Scots out of Lady Valentine (dam of Cambyses), by Sedbury, her dam by Weatherbit out of St. Anne, by St. Francis; foaled March 5.
22. A BROWN COLT, by King o' Scots, dam, Little Lady (dam of My Lady and Camballo), by Orlando out of Volley, by Voltaire, her dam, Martha Lynn, by Metlato; foaled Jan. 15.
23. A BROWN FILLY, by Cecrops, dam, Devotion, by Vedette, dam, Priestess, by The Doctor; foaled April 23.
24. A BAY COLT, by Cecrops, dam, Ringdove, by Lord Clifden, dam, Vimiera, by Voltigeur; foaled March 7.
25. A BAY FILLY, by Cecrops, dam, York Belle, by Adventurer out of Birthday, by Assault (the dam of the Pet), her dam Nitocris, by Whisker; foaled April 28.
26. A BAY COLT, by The Miner out of Catilina, by Macaroni out of Margaret of Anjou, by Touchstone; foaled April 29.
27. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Thunderbolt out of Edith (dam of Lord Ronald, Scottish Queen, Lady Ronald, and Mac Alpine), by Newminster, dam, Deidamia, by Pyrrhus the First, dam, Wiasma, by Hetman Platoff, dam, Mickleton Maid, by Velocipede; foaled Feb. 23.
28. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Thormanby, dam, Actress, by Stockwell, dam, Himalaya (Imaus's dam), by Bay Middleton; foaled Jan. 16.
29. A BAY FILLY, by Orest out of Lady Ravensworth, by Voltigeur, dam, Lady Hawthorn, by Windhound, dam, Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch, dam, Rebecca, by Lottery; foaled March 30.
30. A BROWN FILLY, by King Tom out of The Maid of Perth, by Blair Athol, dam, Sweet Pea, by Touchstone, dam, Pink Bonnet, by Lanercost out of Belinda, by Blacklock; foaled April 3.
31. A BAY COLT, by Plaudit, dam, Murcia, by Lord of the Isles out of Donna Sabina, by Don John, dam, Sorella, by The Saddler, dam by Partisan; foaled Feb. 5.
32. A BAY FILLY by Blinkhoolie, dam Summer's Eve (dam of Amoroso), by Stockwell out of Summerside (winner of the Oaks), by West Australian, her dam, Ellerdale, by Lanercost, granddam by Tomboy out of Tesanc, by Whisker; foaled April 18th.
33. A BAY FILLY by Vespasian, dam Flash, by Thunderbolt; foaled February 7th.
34. A BAY FILLY by Camerino out of Crossfire, by Vedette out of Crosslands, by Slane out of Diversion, by Defence; foaled February 11th.
35. A BROWN FILLY by General Peel out of Little Jemima (dam of Little Jen), by King Tom out of Garnish, by Faugh-a-Ballagh out of Gaity, by Touchstone out of Cast Steel, by Whisker; foaled April 7th.
36. A BAY FILLY by The Palmer out of Agility, by Adventurer out of Mandragora (the dam of Mandrake, Agility, and Apology), by Rataplan, dam, Manganese, by Birdcatcher; foaled May 8th.

THE NAILCOTE STUD YEARLINGS.

- TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on THURSDAY AFTERNOON, July 6th.
1. FILLY by Glenfalloch (by Blair Athol out of Wallflower, sister to Escort) by Rataplan, her dam Chaperon by Flatcatcher—Pantaloan, &c.
 2. FILLY by Glenfalloch (by Blair Athol) out of Wild Thyme by Fandango, her dam Mountain Flower by Ithuriel out of Heather Bell by Bay Middleton.
 3. COLT by Glenfalloch out of Ellie by Brahma out of Wild Thyme by Fandango, her dam Mountain Flower, &c.
 4. COLT by Brown Bread out of Honeymoon by Coranna (dam of Abingdon, &c.), her dam Fair Agnes by Melbourne out of Black Agnes by Velocipede.
 5. FILLY by Trumpeter out of Sister to Elegance by Ely out of Nemesis (winner of the One Thousand Guineas) by Newminster, her dam Varsuviana by Ion, granddam by Langar out of Sister to Cobweb.
 6. COLT by Lozenge out of Gold Pen by Headsman, her dam Steel Pen by I. Birdcatcher out of Needle, &c.; engaged in the Seaton Delaval Stakes at Newcastle.
 7. COLT by Trumpeter out of brown mare by Flatcatcher out of Jenny Jumps by Headsman, her dam Jemima by Coetherstone, granddam by Jerry out of Jenny Jumps by Rococo.
 8. COLT by Pero Gomez out of Blackbird by Voltigeur, her dam Julia by Launcelot out of Miss Nancy, granddam of Blenheim by Cain.
 9. COLT by Favonius out of Duckling by The Drake out of Iona by Ion, &c.
 10. FILLY by Trumpeter out of South Hatch by Rattle out of Freckle by Lanercost, granddam by Mulatto.
 11. FILLY by Kingley Vale out of Rosina by Orlando (sister to the winner of Epsom Manor Stake) out of Eloquence by Velocipede.
 12. COLT by Pero Gomez out of Bounce by Flatterer out of Bittern by Fisherman, her dam Village Lass (dam of Rustic, Countryman, &c.) by Pyrrhus the First out of Maid of Hearts by The Provost.
 13. FILLY by Glenfalloch (by Blair Athol) out of Lady Emma by Orlando, her dam Chaseaway by Harkaway.
 14. COLT by Favonius, dam by Lord Lyon out of Sadie (dam of Capitola, Jenny Mills, Jerry Haworth, &c.) by Voltigeur, her dam Julia by Launcelot out of Miss Nancy (granddam of Blenheim) by Cain; engaged in the Winchester Foal Stakes at Winchester.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

- TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on FRIDAY, July 7th, the following YEARLINGS, the property of Henry Chaplin, Esq., M.P.

1. BROWN COLT by Rosicrucian out of Romping Girl (dam of Friar Tuck and Rampage).
2. CHESTNUT COLT by Hermit out of Blue Sleeves (sister to Green Sleeves).
3. BAY COLT by Hermit out of Yarra Yarra (dam of Kangaroo).
4. BAY COLT (brother to St. Liz) by Y. Melbourne out of Infanta by Orlando.
5. CHESTNUT FILLY by Hermit out of Kalipyge (dam of Bethnal Green, Eleusis, Fontarabian, Rosinante, and Red Gauntlet).
6. BAY FILLY by Hermit out of Nyl Gau by Musid out Bas Bleu (the dam of Blue Gown and Ceruleus).
7. BROWN FILLY by Hermit out of Salamanca (dam of Pero Gomez).
8. BROWN FILLY by Broomielaw out of Barchetta (dam of Charon, Styx, &c., &c.).
9. BAY FILLY by Lambton out of Christabella (dam of Brahma, Veda, Lira, Roma, &c., &c.).
10. CHESTNUT FILLY by Knowsley out of Bab at the Bowster by Annandale out of Queen Mary.

The above may be seen at Blankney, near Lincoln, upon application to Mr. Griffiths, Stud Groom.

- TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on THURSDAY MORNING, after the Bonehill Yearlings, the following YEARLINGS, the property of the Breeder.

THE EARLY MARTYR, chestnut colt by Martyrdom out of Molly Carew (dam of Una and Patrick) by Mountain Deer—The Cook by Birdcatcher.

THE MARSHAL, brown colt by Le Maréchal out of Easton Lass by Prime Minister—Village Lass by Pyrrhus the First.

CLARIONET, chestnut colt by Costa out of Tinkling Cymbal by Kettledrum—Manuela by King of Tramps—Lady Hawthorn by Windhound—Lady Alice Hawthorn, &c.

BRAVISSIMA, brown filly by Plaudit out of Cameo by Camerino—Patience by Lanercost—Billet-doux by Gladiator.

BARBARIENNE, a chestnut filly by a son of Blair Athol and Fayaway (by Orlando) out of Gentile by Barbarian (son of Simoom) out of Effie Deans by Faugh-a-Ballagh.

THE MENTMORE STUD YEARLINGS.

- TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on THURSDAY, July 6th, the following YEARLINGS, the property of Baroness Mayer de Rothschild.

1. CHESTNUT FILLY by Lecturer out of Sister to Restitution (foaled February 14th).
2. CHESTNUT FILLY by Favonius out of Mail Marion (foaled April 9th).
3. BAY FILLY (sister to Lady of the Lee) by Lecturer out of Queen of the Vale (foaled January 12th).
4. BAY FILLY by Restitution out of Chopette (foaled March 16th).
5. BAY FILLY by Lord Clifden out of Tomato (foaled March 9th).
6. BAY COLT by Lord Clifden out of Hannah (foaled March 12th).
7. BAY COLT by Favonius out of Mahonia (foaled February 22nd).
8. CHESTNUT COLT by North Lincoln out of Verdure (sister to Corisande) (foaled March 12th).
9. CHESTNUT COLT (brother to Carnelian) by Lecturer out of Tournalin (foaled March 26th).

- TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on THURSDAY MORNING, July 6th, immediately after the Baroness Rothschild's yearlings.

THE BONEHILL YEARLINGS.

1. TULIP, bay filly by Blinkhoolie out of Hollandaise by Dollar, her dam Vanilla by Sweetmeat out of Jaquenetta by Lanercost (foaled April 30th).

2. MUSKETEER, bay colt by Pero Gomez or Musket out of Pompadour by Stockwell, her dam Marchioness by Melbourne out of Cinizelli by Touchstone (foaled May 5th).

3. ALLEGRA, bay filly by Pero Gomez out of Happy Thought (own sister to Merry Thought, winner of the Mostyn Stakes at Chester) by Thunderbolt, her dam Rupee by The Nabob out of Bravery by Gameboy out of Ennui by Bay Middleton: engaged in the Thirtieth Triennial Produce Stake of 10 sovs each at Newmarket First October Meeting, 1877, 1878, and 1879 (foaled April 5th).
4. ALCAZAR, bay filly by Pero Gomez out of Alhambra by Newminster, her dam Jungfrau by The Flying Dutchman out of Queen of Tyne by Tomboy (foaled March 26th).

5. ALAMEDA, black or brown filly by Pero Gomez out of Nightjar (dam of Herald) by Wild Dayrell, her dam Swallow by Coetherstone out of Wryneck by Slane; engaged in the Thirtieth Triennial Produce Stake of 10 sovs each at Newmarket First October Meeting, 1877, 1878, and 1879 (foaled May 10th).

6. TITANIA, brown filly by Pero Gomez out of Charade (dam of Mystery and Edipus) by Stockwell, her dam Jeu d'Esprit by Flatcatcher out of Extremo by Emilus (foaled April 5th).
7. THE MOOR, brown colt by Pero Gomez out of Bargain (dam of Beauty, Violet, &c.) by Barnetton, her dam Kernel by Nutwith out of Green Mantle by Sultan (foaled April 30th).
8. SALUTE, bay filly by Musket out of My Lady (Caballero's dam) by Lambton, her dam Little Lady (Cammallo's dam) by Orlando (foaled March 11th).
9. MATADOR, brown colt by Pero Gomez out of Coup de Grace by Newminster, her dam Ellen Tree by Birdcatcher out of Thorn by Harkaway (foaled March 5th).

10. INFANTA, brown filly by Pero Gomez out of Nightingale by West Australian, her dam Songstress by Birdcatcher out of Cyprian by Partisan (foaled March 24th).

11. RED COMYN, chestnut colt by Scottish Chief out of Astonishment by Stockwell, her dam Diego's dam by Dromedary—Talisman—Marie by Waverley (foaled April 5th).
12. CONQUEST, bay colt by Pero Gomez out of War Queen by King Tom, her dam Amazon by Touchstone out of Grace Darling by Defence (foaled March 11th).

13. POPOFFKA, bay filly by Musket out of La Neva by Monarque, her dam Etoile Du Nord by The Baron out of Maid of Hart by the Provost (foaled April 24th).

May be seen at Mr. Matthew Dawson's, Shakespeare Cottage Yard, Heath House, Newmarket.

A LDRIFFE'S, London: Established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every Wednesday and Saturday, at Eleven o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays from Nine to Twelve o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between ten and four. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The Sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Broughams and Phaeton Horses, from Messrs. Wimbold and Co., and other jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, New and Second-hand Carriages, Harness, &c. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

A LDRIFFE'S, St. Martin's-lane:—SPORTING DOGS.—THIS DAY (Saturday) will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, FIFTY VALUABLE SPORTING DOGS from the Kennels of the late Mr. ROWLAND WOOD, Thrapston, Esq., TEN purely bred LAVERACK SETTERS, from the most fashionable and purest pedigree, suitable for exhibition or for work.

On View Friday, July 7, and morning of sale. W. and S. FREEMAN.

A LDRIFFE'S, St. Martin's-lane:—SETTERS.—On Saturday, July 8, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, the property of T. Cunningham, Esq., TEN purely bred LAVERACK SETTERS, from the most fashionable and purest pedigree, suitable for exhibition or for work.

On View Friday, July 7, and morning of sale. W. and S. FREEMAN.

A LDRIFFE'S, St. Martin's-lane:—GORDON SETTERS.—On Saturday, July 8, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn, the whole of the ENTREY and ENTIRE working KENNEL of PURE GORDON SETTERS, consisting of about fifteen dogs and bitches, just fit for the breaker, and over the distemper. They are beautifully marked, free from white, and of the purest Gordon blood. Also two or three brace of dogs, thoroughly broken and shot over last season. These pure specimens of the breed are justly celebrated for their great beauty and endurance.

On view at Aldridge's on Friday, July 7, and morning of sale.

W. and S. FREEMAN.

A LDRIFFE'S, St. Martin's-lane:—POINTERS.—On Saturday, July 8, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, the property of George Moore, Esq., of Appleby Hall, Atherton, TWELVE very highly bred POINTERS, most of them broken and shot over and to hand.

On view Friday, July 7, and morning of sale. W. and S. FREEMAN.

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The price includes—1, Packing-cases of tin and wood; 2, A suitable tuning hammer or key; 3, A tuning fork; 4, Some additional strings; 5, A Book on Tuning and Preserving the Instrument; 6, And the Carriage to the Dock.

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JOLLY SONGS FOR GENTLEMEN. Published by HUTCHINGS and ROMER, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. John Peel, Hunting Song. Price 3s. By D. Pentland. Four Jolly Smiths. Price 3s. By H. Leslie. A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea. Price 3s. By J. Gibson.

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NOTICE.

YEARLING SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that all Lots at their Yearling and Thoroughbred Sales are expected to be paid for before delivery, and that if orders are given to their regular customers after a sale, it must be upon the understanding that they are to be paid for on the following Monday at Albert-gate.

TATTERSALL'S, ALBERT GATE, HYDE-PARK. SALES by AUCTION EVERY MONDAY and THURSDAY.

Horses on view Saturday and Wednesday.

ANNUAL SALE of YEARLINGS AT EASTON LODGE, NEAR DUNMOW and BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from the Earl of Rosslyn to offer for SALE on MONDAY, July 3rd, 1876, his valuable lot of YEARLINGS.

NEWMARKET JULY SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S SALES at the JULY MEETING at NEWMARKET will include the following valuable Lots of YEARLINGS, &c.

On WEDNESDAY MORNING, July 5th, Mr. Gee's Annual Sale of Yearlings.

On WEDNESDAY, after the Races, Mr. Houldsworth's, Lord Vivian's, and Mr. Waring's Yearlings.

On THURSDAY MORNING, July 6th, the Baron Rothschild's and the Bonehill Yearlings.

On THURSDAY, after the races, Mr. Lant's Yearlings and other Lots.

On FRIDAY MORNING, July 7th, Mr. Chaplin's Yearlings.

YEARLINGS

(The property of the Earl of Rosslyn),

To be SOLD, at his SECOND ANNUAL SALE, at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex, on MONDAY, the 3rd July, 1876.

1. BAY COLT, by Grouse, out of Berceau, by Deerswood, (by Orlando), out of Trouseau (winner of many races, and dam of many winners), by Gameboy, foaled Feb. 18th.

2. BAY COLT, by Macaroni, out of Flying Cloud, by Deerswood (by Orlando), out of Meteor, by Melbourne, out of Cyprian, by Partisan, foaled March 22nd.

3. BAY COLT, by The Drake, out of Betty Martin, by Camerino, out of Dutchman's Daughter, by Flying Dutchman, out of Emeute, by Lanercost, foaled May 28th.

4. BAY FILLY, by Thormanby, out of Venice (dam of San Marco, &c.), by Stockwell, out of Desdemona, by Iago, out of Aveline, by Gladiator, foaled May 7th.

5. BAY FILLY, by Scottish Chief, out of Rapidan (sister in blood to Rosicrucian), by Beadsman (winner of Derby), out of Miami (winner of Oaks), by Venison, out of Diversion (Morgan la Faye's and Madame Eglantine's dam), by Defence, foaled May 12th. This Filly is sister in blood to Marie Stuart.

6. BROWN FILLY (sister to Meerschaum), by Vienna (by Windishgratz), out of Latakia (Little Ben's dam), by Polmoodie (by Melbourne, out of Burlesque, dam of Buckstone), out of The Gem (Regalia's dam), by Touchstone, foaled April 19th.

7. BROWN FILLY, by Grouse, out of Nuneaton (sister to Julie, dam of Julius and Julius Caesar, and dam of winners), by Orlando, out of Nun Appleton, by Bay Middleton, foaled April 15th.

8. CHESTNUT FILLY, by Grouse, out of Darlie, by Fandango, out of Sister to Elcho's dam, foaled April 10th.

9. CHESTNUT COLT, by Blair Athol, out of Euphorbia (dam of Eucalyptus, Euonyma, &c.), by Touchwood, out of Lady Abbess, by Surplice, out of Lady Sarah, foaled March 9th.

10. CHESTNUT COLT, by Gladiateur, out of Vilette, by Voltigeur, out of Velleda, by Venison, out of Folly (dam of Diversion, g.-dam of Mme. Eglantine, &c.), foaled Feb. 4th.

11. BLACK COLT, by Chattanooga, out of Slumber (dam of Solomency, &c.), by Saunterer, out of Type (Typhous) dam, by Touchstone, out of Boarding School Miss, by Plenipo, out of Marpessa (dam of Pocahontas), foaled March 20th.

12. BAY FILLY, by Gladiateur, out of Guile (Plunder, and Chartist's dam), by Barnton, out of Fraud, by Bay Middleton, foaled Feb. 17th.

13. BROWN COLT, by Macaroni, out of Flicker, by Young Melbourne, out of Flutter, by Alarm, out of Little Finch, by Hornsby, foaled Feb. 1st.

14. BAY FILLY, by Buckenham (by Voltigeur), out of Retreat, by Orlando, out of Flight, by Jereed, out of Eloement, by Velocipede, foaled March 22nd.

15. SPENDTHRIFT, bay colt, by Adventurer, out of Thrift, by Stockwell, out of Braxey, by Moss-trooper (by Liverpool) out of Queen Mary (Blink Bonny's dam), foaled Feb. 23rd.

16. BAY COLT, by Cerops, out of Rose of Tralee (dam of Siesta), by Knowsley out of Vimiera (Ringwood's dam, &c., &c.), by Voltigeur, foaled March 25th.

17. BALACLAVA, Bay Filly, by Grouse, out of Varna (dam of Veni, Burgas, Taganrog, Aladyn, Devna, &c., &c.), by Venison, out of Odessa, by Sultan, out of sister to Cobweb, foaled March 16th.

18. BAY COLT, by Buckenham (by Voltigeur), out of Evergreen Pine, own sister to Bay Celia (dam of The Duke and The Earl), by Orlando, out of Hersey, by Glaucon, out of Hester, by Camel, foaled April 10th.

Grouse is by King Tom, out of Blooming Heather (sister to Blink Bonny), he is own brother to Laburnum and Gorse (dam of Good Hope), winner of Austrian Derby, and is sire of many winners.

EASTON LODGE

Is three miles from Takeley, Three miles from Dunmow, and Eight miles from Bishop's Stortford Stations on Great Eastern Railway from London, and Five miles from Elsenham Station, travelling from Newmarket.

The Yearlings are on view at any time on application to the Stud Groom.

N.B.—A Train will leave for Bishop's Stortford and Takeley Stations from St. Pancras 10.40 a.m., Liverpool Street 11.40 a.m. in time for the Sale. A Special Train will run from Newmarket about 11 a.m. on the day of Sale. Carriages will meet all Trains. Luncheon will be provided.

8. A BROWN FILLY, by King of the Forest out of Battaglia (dam of Lord Gough, Carnage, and Anita), by Rataplan, her dam, Espoir, by Liverpool.

9. A BAY COLT, by King of the Forest out of Atone (dam of Eve, Water Lily, and Sabrina), by Oulston, her dam, Crucifixion, by Pelion out of Homily, by Surplice.

10. KING'S CROSS, a bay colt, by King of the Forest out of Crucifixion (dam of Atone and Minister), by Pelion out of Homily.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, July 5th, by order of the Executors of the late William Graham, Esq.

1. FORMOSA (winner of the Epsom Oaks, Doncaster St. Leger, &c.) (foaled in 1865) by Buccaneer out of Eller by Chanticleer, her dam by Tomboy out of Tesane by Whisker; with a filly foal to Winslow, and covered by Y. Melbourne.

2. GERMANIA (winner of the Findon Stakes, Goodwood) (foaled in 1869) by Wild Dayrell out of Swallow by Cotherstone, her dam The Wry-neck by Slane out of Gitana by Tramp; with a filly foal to Orest, and covered by him again.

3. KLEPTOMANIA (foaled in 1860) by Adventurer out of Gertrude (the dam of Master Willie) by Hautboy, her dam Middle by Bay Middleton out of Phantasim by Phantom; with a filly foal by Scottish Chief, and covered by See Saw.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at NEWMARKET, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, July 5th, after the races.

1. GITANA (foaled in 1867, the dam of Grandee) by Lacydes out of Castanette by Pelion out of Concertina; covered by Orest.

2. BAY YEARLING COLT by Scottish Chief out of Germania; with his engagements in the Great Yorkshire Stakes and Winchester Foal Stakes (foaled April 7th).

3. CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT (brother to Slumber) by Orest out of Farfalla by Prime Minister out of Butterfly by Orlando (foaled March 5th).

4. BAY YEARLING COLT by Orest out of Birdcage by Rogerthorpe out of Lovebird by Newminster out of Psyche by Lanercost (foaled April 24th).

5. CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT (brother to Grandee) by Orest out of Gitana (foaled April 6th).

6. ROSTREVOR by Thormanby out of Lady Augusta by Stockwell, 5 yrs; likely to make a good hurdle racer or steeplechase horse and suitable for the foreign market.

7. PRIDE by Rosicrucian out of Kleptomania, 2 yrs; engaged in the Filly, One Thousand Guineas, and Champion Stakes at Newmarket, the Brighton Club Two Year Old Stakes, the Astley Stakes and Priory Stakes at Lewes, the Union Jack Stakes at Liverpool, and the Epsom Oaks.



SKETCHES FROM THE NEW PARISIAN BALLET "SYLVIA."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 148, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the publisher, at 148, Strand.

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**THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1876.

The pleasant three days' meeting at Stockbridge carries us back to these *tempora acta* of the era on which Nestors of the sport are accustomed to dilate so fondly, when a sweet simplicity prevailed in racing celebrations, and their enjoyment was limited to a more select circle than that which is considered necessary for financial success in these days of utilitarianism. There are but few country courses, like that which stretches away in the secluded Danebury valley, left among us; and there is an old-world flavour pervading the accessories of sport which still happily survives there in all its pristine integrity. The inevitable "special" is, of course, called into requisition, but it does not flood the invaded territory with barbarous hordes gathered from the slums of eastern London, nor with those flash gentry who consider that the proper prey of mankind is man. County families muster in strong force, and the old-fashioned stand and enclosures are peopled with folks intent upon a quiet day's enjoyment. There is nothing of the saturnalia of Epsom, nor of the stately decorum of Ascot, but pleasure-seekers pursue a middle course, and are content to enjoy the afternoon in a sober and reasonable manner, with a little racing thrown in for excitement's sake. There is no crowd, no crushing, no insane rush to catch departing trains; and above all no large town close at hand to pour out its "raw mechanics" for a day's horseplay. Years pass on, and the Stockbridge meeting seems neither to rise nor to wane in importance, nor in the pleasurable characteristics which have ever rendered it popular with those desirous of witnessing sport divested of its rowdy concomitants. It presents, in short, a picture of the "quiet life" in racing, while the highest class of competitors are not unfrequently attracted to discuss a bill of fare which never descends below mediocrity.

We feel satisfied that welshing in high places will never receive its death-blow until the leading members of the bookmaking fraternity take the matter into their own hands, and form a sort of mutual protection society, which, by prompt and decisive action shall put down with a high hand the abuses which now call so loudly for a remedy. The solvent and honourable man has now in too many cases to stand cheek by jowl with a scoundrel of the "high-dried Welsh" school, who, in addition to outbidding him, occasionally assumes his name, and robs too-confiding customers right and left. There is no ear-mark by which the stranger may make sure of his man, and there is nothing more than the "magic of a name" in the words "Tattersall's inclosure," which, at too many places, teams with the veriest outcasts which even the racing world can produce. Why should not the system of "badges" be more generally adopted, which we heard was to be the plan designed for "diagnosing" solvency and respectability.

Neither Government nor the Jockey Club are likely to interfere or to issue betting licenses, but the good men and true must surely feel it a reproach to be surrounded by a pack of charlatans, who are the means of diverting custom from those most worthy of it, and of bringing the turf into greater disrepute than its bitterest enemies could desire. Surely it behoves Leviathans and others to be up and doing, if only to save their pockets, to say nothing of their reputations, and we see no reason why some distinguishing badge should not be universally adopted by well-approved and respectable knights of the pencil. No one will help them if they do not help themselves, and they have a right to demand from clerks of courses some safeguard against the intrusion of unworthy imitators of their names, business, and respectability.

AFTER our experiences of the two horse shows recently held in London, it has become painfully apparent that their promoters have brought forward no new features, save those of extra amusement for the public. We can look for no improvement in the breed of horses to result from exhibitions such as those which drew crowds to Islington and Alexandra Park. Theoretically, all competitive exhibitions are excellent, and in some few cases great practical benefit has followed upon their establishment; but in the great majority of cases things get to work in too regular a groove, and certain animals are to be reckoned upon to put in an appearance at each place in the circuit. There are occasional differences of opinion among judges, but the summing-up is generally in favour of previous winners, though their order of merit may be slightly altered from time to time. But these drawbacks are as nothing compared to the pantomimic business which is enacted "in the circle," when parades of the different classes are ordered to take place, or when the jumping prizes are in course of being contested. There are too many mountebanks only too ready to play to the gallery, and the whole affair degenerates into a mere burlesque on horsemanship, and only requires the well-known "Here we are again!" of the clown to render perfect the resemblance to the Astley's of our youthful days. They manage these things better in the North of England, where the real sporting tastes of the inhabitants would revolt at this horse play, and though the "scenes in the arena" at Islington or Muswell Hill may be harmless in themselves, we cannot envy the predilections of even holiday-makers for these sorry tricks, nor the anxiety of caterers for the people to pander to such childish and unsportsmanlike tastes.

WITH all due respect to the enterprise and liberality of the Sandown Park management, we cannot help thinking that they are slightly overdoing the thing, and that fewer meetings would be more conducive to the prosperity of the undertaking. A sort of racing El-Dorado was promised at the time of its establishment; it was to possess the attractions of Ascot and Goodwood rolled into one, and to rival Epsom and Doncaster in the importance of the issues to be decided upon its picturesque courses. The management did not make sufficient allowances for the time which must necessarily elapse before a meeting, however well organised, can expect to command success. They also omitted from their calculations a very important item; namely, that an Ascot or a Goodwood every fortnight would be a downright impossibility, that the horses could not be expected to perform in big stakes "without solution of continuity;" that *toujours perdrix* would infallibly pall upon the taste of that mythical individual, "the racing gourmand;" and, finally, that even the wealthiest would rebel against a series of gaieties involving such expenses as those entailed by the Ascot and Goodwood weeks. On the last two or three occasions there has been a falling off not only in the attendance at Sandown Park, but in the quality of amusement provided, and if it is desired that the place shall sustain its reputation for high-class sport, its patrons should be spared the descent to pony racing, and such Lillie-bridge-like amusements. A combination of various elements is required to render race-meetings successful; and so young a gathering as Sandown Park is bound to cultivate popularity by flying at the highest game. As it is, it seems that through over-anxiety for success, its promoters are drifting upon a tide which will lead them anywhere but to fortune.

MUSIC IN ST. PANCRAS WORKHOUSE.—"A. S." writing in a weekly contemporary, on a visit he recently paid to St. Pancras workhouse, says:—On approaching the ward devoted to bedridden women, I was startled by the strains of soft and excellent music of the highest order; and what was my surprise to find a grand piano in the centre of the room and a pauper girl playing with exquisite taste one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." The delicate touch of the player was well worthy of the great master, whose innate pathos seemed to gather infinite force from the strange surroundings. On all side the invalids lay quiet and contented, lulled to a sense of repose by the classic strains of this unequalled harmony. To Mendelssohn's noble and generous nature no greater homage could have been paid than this workhouse tribute; and in her preference for such composers, the pianist deserves the warmest commendations. Miss Mary Irons—for it may, perhaps, be useful to mention her name, in the hope that some forgotten friend may see it and come to her rescue—is only 16 years old, and by birth belongs to the great middle class of this country. Her father was a commercial traveller, and gave his daughter a good education, taking great care to develop her special musical gift. At his death, however, his widow and daughter were unable to find any means of subsistence. They struggled for some eighteen months in vain, and were finally compelled to enter the workhouse. At first this unfortunate woman and her daughter were to help in cleaning the boards, &c., but when it was discovered how totally they were unaccustomed to such rough work, the mother was very considerably sent to the nursery and the daughter to the sick wards to play to the invalids. I trust, however, they will not remain long in the St. Pancras Workhouse. Miss Irons is fully competent to teach music, might accompany singers, and in any case, would be a valuable aid in taking care of children. She bears an excellent character.

THE RACES AND FETES.—Ladies will find the application of Rowlands' Kalydor cooling and refreshing to the face, removing sunburn, tan, freckles, and discolourations, and rendering the skin soft, clear, and blooming. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.—[Advt.]

MUSICAL REVIEW.

RICORDI and Co., 23, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, and also of MILAN, ROME, NAPLES, and FLORENCE, are probably the largest publishing firm in the world; and the list of their publications includes a majority of the most celebrated operatic works produced during the present century. These enterprising publishers have just issued a cheap pianoforte score (price 8s. nett) of Verdi's last opera, *Aida*, which was produced at the Royal Italian Opera, last Thursday week. This large octavo-edition contains no less than 289 pages of well-engraved music, in addition to an index and 21 pages of separate libretto, and is, for all musical and literary purposes, fully equal to the guinea edition, "de luxe," of the same work, also issued by Messrs. Ricordi. As we have elsewhere had something to say respecting the musical merits of the opera, in reference to its production last week at Covent Garden, it will be unnecessary to enter into any kind of analysis of *Aida* on this occasion; but as an instance of musical enterprise, and as a welcome addition to the musical repertoire, Messrs. Ricordi's 8s. edition of the work deserves favourable notice.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street, W. "When Twilight Dies" is a setting of Moore's well-known lines, by G. Morson, who has accomplished his task fairly well, and would have made still greater success had he refrained from placing unimportant particles in the accented parts of the bars. After writing with correct musical accentuation the passage "Thou'll yet be mine in heaven!" he suddenly (page 5) places the word "in" at the beginnings of two bars, and makes the passage read "mine in heaven," which has a ludicrous effect.

DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent-street, W. "Think of me, and pray," is a song written by Mrs. Van Landeghem, with music by her husband. The words suggest perpetual prayers for the authoress, the music is singable, if not original, and the song will probably be acceptable as an addition to the repertoire of highly moral lyrics. "The Fountain of Tears" is a song by the same authors. The words convey the idea of perpetual weeping. The "fountain of tears" is described as gushing forth on all sorts of occasions, and if a sufficient number of vocalists could be induced to sing the song with lachrymal illustrations, the roads might be cheaply watered. The music cannot be praised. It is not only commonplace, but in some cases absurd, as for example in the setting of the lines which follow. The italics are ours, and show where the musical accents have been erroneously placed:

I saw the fair child at his play
When sunbeams and blossoms were bright,
While angels stood guarding the dawn, &c.

As Mr. Van Landeghem is a foreigner, some excuse may, perhaps, be made for his defective accentuation of English; but after all it was very easy for Mr. Van Landeghem, as a foreigner, to abstain from attempting to set English words to music.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners-street. "The Song of Florian" is a translation, by J. E. Carpenter, of an old French pastoral song, which is printed with the English words. The latter are poetical in spirit, and go well with the music, except that the refrain—

C'est encor lui
Rendez le moi!

has occasionally been changed for the worse, as in the passage—

That smile will tell
You it is he.

Skilful singing can hide these slight defects. The music, by B. Godard, is thoroughly in the style of the old French madrigal, combining simplicity with grace, and the song may be recommended to amateurs. "Pegase," by J. Leybach, is a galop de concert, brilliant and effective, and within the grasp of average pianists. "Marche au Tournoi," by F. Pascal, is an ineffectual attempt to convey an idea of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" tournaments, in the shape of a pianoforte solo. "Un songe du ciel," by the same composer, is a more successful effort, albeit formed on well-known models. A flowing melody is played, with arpeggio effects, and is repeated with still more elaborate embroidery. Then comes a transition into the relative minor, followed by a return to the original key, and a final eruption of instrumental fireworks. As a light and graceful show-piece, sufficiently brilliant, yet not by any means difficult, the "Songe du Ciel" of M. Florian Pascal may safely be recommended. "Le Chant du Seraphin," by L. Gregh, is an "improvisation" for the piano; and, like most pianoforte improvisations, smells strongly of the midnight oil. It is, nevertheless, a really well-written pianoforte solo. The principal theme is submitted to almost every kind of effective treatment; the pedals are judiciously employed, and pianistes of advanced cultivation may find Mr. Gregh's "Chant du Seraphin" a favourable vehicle for the display of their skill. "En Poste," by the same composer, is a Grand Galop di Bravura, which appears to be published in three different forms: No. 1, simplified edition; No. 2, difficult edition; and No. 3, piano duet. As the publishers have mercifully withheld the "difficult" edition, we can only speak of the galop in its "simplified" form. In this edition it is so completely "simplified," and so covered with fingering numerals, that it looks like one of the "Little Lessons for Little Learners." It is only fair, however, to say, that it is a brisk, lively galop, with the advantage of adaptability to dancing purposes; and that the fingering is not only copiously, but judiciously marked, for the benefit of juvenile students.

WEEKES and Co., 16, Hanover-street, W. "A Song of the Years," is a melodious song by A. Macdonald. The words, by F. T. Palgrave, are above the average; but there is surely a mistake in the concluding line of the first verse, which is twice sung, and runs—

My one true love, my only.

This had better be changed to—

My one true love, mine only,

or changed altogether. Mr. Macdonald's music is sympathetic and graceful, and the song lies within the compass of ordinary voices. "Stricken" is a "plaint" by the same composer. The words, by D. Hamilton, express the despair of a slighted lover, and are well written. The music is not equal in merit to the words. It contains melody, but not appropriate melody. The transition from the minor to the major key is ineffectual, and the music here recalls a well-known song by Loder. There is nothing in the harmonic treatment to relieve the banality of the melody. "The Valley of Repose" is a canzonet, by the same composer. The words, by T. P. Tindale, possess no kind of human interest, but describe the progress of a brook to the sea. Mr. Macdonald may be excused for his failure to find musical inspiration in so thoroughly exhausted a theme. "Dreaming Again" is a ballad, with words by Mrs. Van Landeghem, music by Mr. Van Landeghem. With every desire to be charitable, we cannot find a word of praise for this ballad.

B. WILLIAMS & Co., 19, Paternoster Row. "Better marry for Love upon Nothing at All," is the rather ample title of a song, written and composed by A. Whittingham, and relates the mode by which Robin Ray became convinced by Gaffer Gray that it would be wiser to wed the poor Jessie May than the rich Flora Gay. The song is a good one, of the kind; and although it is irreconcilable with the doctrines of political economists, it may

become popular among the numerous young ladies who—like Jessie May—have “nothing at all,” and whose interest it is to propagate the uncommercial tenet laid down in the title of the song. The fact that it contains six verses, of twenty-four bars each, may be objectionable to amateurs whose leisure time is limited, but cannot fail to recommend it to tourists about to quit their native land for a long period. They may succeed in singing it all through, while *en voyage*.

SIMPSON and Co., 33, Argyll-street, W. “The New Moon of Life” is a song written by the irrepressible Mrs. Van Landeghem, and composed by the irrepressible Mr. Van Landeghem. The poetess paints a fearful picture of her condition when deprived of the new moon, and addresses it thus—

“Without thee the world like (sic) a desert would prove,
To me no fair flow'ret, no joy can belong,
Save the light, the sweet light, of the new moon of love!”

If the words be twaddle, the music may be described as twiddle, and the best thing that can be said of “The New Moon of Love” is that both poet and composer appear to have been powerfully influenced by the subject of their joint composition.

J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough-street, W. “My Ship's my Home,” is a patriotic song, written by Sidney French, and composed by J. A. Cave. The words are full of patriotic fire, and the music is worthy of the words.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

III.—MRS. ELIZABETH BILLINGTON.*

THE next famous lady upon whom we look back with reference to our group of sketches on page 265 is one endeared to the hearts of all lovers of English vocal music, Mrs. Elizabeth Billington. She may not have been particularly admirable as a private personage, but as a singer she won a name which resounded through Europe, and which posterity will not fail to preserve as that of the true founder of our English school of vocal music. In old periodicals and newspapers of her time we still read her praises. The town went wild about her beauty. Musicians wondered at the profundity of her musical knowledge, and compared her notes to those of birds and a flute, asserting, with an excusable excess of “gush,” that its compass was “without limit.” Critics of eminence wrote of her execution as simply perfect, and said that her imaginative and vocal power had never been surpassed; that although she added her own embellishments to every song she sang, she never overstepped the bounds of chastity and refined taste. She gave the fame of Purcell and Handel new life, and was the idol of their worshippers. For her it is said the practice of harmonising airs was first commenced. Carter’s beautiful and pathetic “Oh Nanny wilt thou gang wi’ me,” sang by her, drew eager crowds from all parts of the country. She united cordially with what was then known as “the Greatorex party,” a school which produced several singers of eminence, and to which we owe the earliest great advance of glee and madrigal singing. Its members aimed so to refine and modify each part of a piece by subtle blendings of alternate force and delicacy that the whole gained a new and superior character as a complete unity of varied and expressive sweetness. Shield composed for her a song which, going up to G in altissimo, was celebrated as something previously unheard of. It quite deposed from its isolation the high song in *Il Flauto Magico*, which only Miss Corri had sung with ease, and which extended but to F.

It is difficult now to realise the wonder which attended all these great doings in the old musical world of London. The powers of both singers and musical instruments have been so greatly increased since then. It is probable, indeed, that even Mrs. Billington would be voted poor if tested by our modern standard; but the debt we owe her for what she did to raise and extend the power of our school of vocal music, is thereby increased rather than diminished. And as we glance back to the story of her life, that debt grows larger, for then we know how stoutly and bravely she toiled to win, and also something of the price she paid for victory. Childish pleasures and enjoyments were denied her by her musical (professional) parents, who were enthusiastically and resolutely desirous of making her a great musician, and in her after life we read continually of hours stolen from recreation or rest, day after day and month after month, for the sake of hard, unceasing study and practice. But turn we to the story:—

At Covent Garden Theatre in the year 1764 appeared a new singer in the person of Miss Frederica Weirman. She had a voice of great clearness and singular power, which created a very favourable impression; but after a few nights, for some reason we have not discovered, she ceased to appear. This lady afterwards married a famous player on the hautboy, named Weichsell, a native of Freyburg, in Saxony, by whom she had two children, named Charles and Elizabeth. They inherited their parents’ love of music, and when the elder was but six years old they performed at the Haymarket Theatre—he on the violin, she on the pianoforte of her day—for the benefit of their mother, who had then it seems returned to the stage. In 1786 Mrs. Weichsell died, when Elizabeth had already won herself a position on the provincial stage, although she was then but sixteen years of age. Moreover, she was newly married to a performer on the double bass, and her name had changed to Billington.

Mr. Weichsell had dreamt high dreams of his son and daughter making his name famous throughout the world. For this he had been so cruelly severe and exacting during their childhood, and it was a severe pang for him when, on her marriage, Elizabeth—the most promising—abandoned his name for that of her husband, and would no longer figure in the playbills as Miss, an example which many might even now, with good-taste, follow.

Mrs. Billington’s first great hit had been made when she was fourteen years old, at Oxford. After her marriage, she went immediately from there with her husband to Dublin, where she appeared in the opera of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and achieved no small success. But she had an idea of her own merits justly in advance of that formed by the old Dublin playgoers, and hence arose some trouble. She was then very proud and desperately ambitious, and grew fiercely jealous when a Miss Wheeler, in the same company, with inferior musical ability, contrived to win even greater applause than she could obtain. Indeed, so bitter was she, that at one time she threatened to withdraw altogether from the stage, disgusted with both the audience who encouraged her rival, and the manager who would not at her request dismiss Miss Wheeler from his theatre. Her mortification was increased when, she being overlooked, from the great London theatre—Covent Garden—the despised Miss Wheeler received a three years’ engagement. From that moment all her efforts were devoted to one end, that of following Miss Wheeler to London, and annihilating her reputation by one supremely desperate effort. At last, and soon, the opportunity she struggled for was obtained. Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, accompanied by the then lessee, Mr. Lewis waited upon her, and politely proposed, not a three years’ engagement, but—one for three nights. Controlling her feelings, she declined, but offered to accept an engagement for twelve nights. She afterwards stated that in doing this she was influenced by fear lest her intense craving for success might so

excite her, as to temporarily defeat its grand purpose for a night or two, and leaving her no time for retrieving the bad impression, thus give her rival a new triumph. She was, therefore, announced to appear as Rosella in *Love in a Village*, the character in which we have sketched her. Now the King had heard her sing, and when he saw the Covent Garden advertisement which announced “Mrs. Billington, late Miss Weichsell,” to appear on the following Wednesday, he remembered the fact, and in his anxiety to hear her again, issued his Royal commands that *Love in a Village* should be played, not on that day, but on the Monday before it, that he might be present. With what exultation Mrs. Billington heard this may be imagined, especially as it was such honour as neither Miss Wheeler nor any other singer had ever before commanded, despite that lady’s three years’ engagement and her greater popularity.

Between the completing of the arrangement and her first appearance Mrs. Billington exerted herself unwearingly. Night and day she laboured to excel, and when the eventful evening arrived on which the one last crowning effort was to be made, Miss Wheeler was gloriously defeated, and the beautiful Mrs. Billington’s triumph was complete. The audience applauded her frantically, the King complimented her in terms of enthusiasm and delight. The management determined to offer her a permanent engagement.

But before doing this the management conferred secretly. It was a pity they had not secured her at once, for after such a reception heaven only knew what the victorious beauty would demand, and really they were at her mercy. So, with a neat little scheme and cautiously-worded speeches full of ingeniously-selected phrases, they waited upon her to know her terms. She was quite clever enough to see at a glance their purpose, and quietly resolving to amuse herself at their expense, she said saucily that she could only accept a thousand pounds and a benefit. She expected to see them gasp, and fall back astonished and dismayed. But the astonishment, at least, was all her own; they agreed to accept her terms at once, and proposed, there and then, to execute the bond. Where, then, was that Miss Wheeler? What would she, with her *paltry* terms, say to that?

Was Mrs. Billington’s greedy ambition satisfied now? Not at all. She studied and practised incessantly. Martellari, a famous Italian musician, was then in England, and to him she went at once, soliciting tuition. Directly the season which gave her European fame was at a close—still seeking new fields of study—she flew to Paris to offer any terms the great Sacchini might accept for still more instruction. And so it continued, every new triumph being but a fresh impulse for new efforts, and thus her natural gifts were fortified and enriched, her scientific knowledge grew, and her power increased until the fame of the Wheeler was but a candle burning in the sunlight which extinguished it.

At this time Madame Mara, of Berlin, arrived in England, and in her presence was a new source of jealousy for Mrs. Billington and a fresh stimulant to even more desperate exertion. The two great vocalists appeared together in 1785 at one of the then famous concerts of ancient music. Mara—who was irritable and arrogant—it is said, was moved to envy or anger by our heroine’s reception, and disputed with her concerning pre-eminence and superiority in connection with their respective places in the orchestra. Mrs. Billington was now abreast with a new and more powerful rival. It was racehorse work. Goaded by the spur of her ambition she strained every nerve to win, but Mara was no Miss Wheeler, and her utmost strength only failed to achieve a “dead heat.” Mara was not the woman to suffer herself to be easily beaten—she who had defied even Frederick the Great.

You may not remember the story. On one occasion, when the Cesarewitch was in Berlin, Mara received the Royal command to appear for the entertainment of the Prince in an opera. She declined—said she was ill. Frederick knew her ways, and sent word that if she did not get well by the appointed time she would sing ill. On the evening of the performance a carriage arrived for her, escorted by dragoons. The officer was told she was in bed. He insisted upon seeing her.

“I am in bed, and cannot—as you see—get up,” said Mara.

“In that case, I must take you and the bed,” was the curt reply.

Madame Mara, after some pretty pouting and vain expostulations, yielded, and never sang better than she did that night, to charm Scalyonic ears. There is a story about her and Madame Tode to the like effect; but, as we are not dealing with her, let us proceed with Mrs. Billington. She remained at Covent Garden until 1793, when she determined to retire from public life, and enjoy rest and the pleasure of travel with her husband and her brother Charles, who had become a famous violin-player. They travelled incog.; but, being recognised at Naples by Sir W. Hamilton, the British ambassador, they were persuaded to perform in private before the king and queen at their private residence in the country, at Caserto. The king was so greatly pleased, that he induced her to give his subjects the gratification he had enjoyed, and she was announced to appear at San Carlo, then the largest and finest operatic theatre in the world.

The Neapolitans were pious people, with a holy horror of heretics, and many saintly folks shook their sage heads at this encouraging of heretical musicians. Nevertheless, on May-day in 1794, Mrs. Billington made her début before them in *Inez di Castro*, an opera which was composed expressly for the occasion by the Maestro Francesco Bianchi. Her success was great, but serious evils darkened the pleasure of winning it. On its second night Mr. Billington died in a fit of apoplexy. The pious Neapolitans shook their heads more gravely and sagely than ever. It was God’s judgment against heretics. Then followed an event more widely terrible, an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. This was God’s judgment against the faithful for encouraging heretical singers, and straightway arose a cry of threatening and revenge. Mobs of bigots assembled in the streets, muttering savage threats, or shouting angry curses. But the storm passed away harmlessly, the mountain ceased its eruption, and the operatic engagement was safely and gloriously concluded. From Naples Mrs. Billington went to Venice, and performed there until interrupted by illness.

When Mrs. Billington returned to England in 1801, Madame Banti was prima donna at the King’s Theatre in the Haymarket, and had held that position twenty-eight years, and soon after her voice and health failing, she determined to return to Italy. In 1802, she announced her farewell benefit, and solicited Mrs. Billington to appear with her. The permission of Messrs. Harris and Sheridan having been obtained, our heroine agreed to grace the occasion with her voice and person. The piece was Nasolini’s *Merope*, and in it, for the first time, Madame Banti was to appear in male attire. On the evening, the old operatic theatre was besieged by an excited crowd, which, before the doors were opened, had grown immensely. There is a quaint story of this occasion, which tells how Signor Banti stationed himself as checktaker by the barricade which he had erected at the pit door. On the doors being opened, the rush swept away both signor and barricade, and the former turning up excited, flushed, and with disordered dress, raising the box he had prepared for the checks, cried out in a state of dismay and terror, as his comically distended eyes wandered over the house, “Oh, Santa Maria! de pit full! de gallery ful—all full! and noting in de box! what will my angel, my wife, my Brigada say, when for her dere will be noting in my box!”

Soon after, Mrs. Billington sang at another farewell benefit, that of Madame Mara.

And so the field was left for her fame to swell in unchecked, and Mr. Taylor offered her an engagement, which she accepted, for the King’s Theatre, where her brother Charles was engaged to take the place of Salomon as leader in the orchestra, and her popularity became greater than ever. During this engagement she usually sang with Viganoni. When Mr. Goold took the King’s Theatre, in 1803, he engaged the celebrated Madame Grassini to sing on alternate nights with Mrs. Billington, the chief male singers being Braham and the artist already named.

Having gained a competency, and finding that her health grew daily worse, she at length determined to retire from the stage. The beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Trench, mother of Archbishop Trench, describing the last public singing of Mrs. Billington, in 1811, says: “I heard excellent music last night, and the last public notes of the sweetest singer I have ever heard, or probably ever shall hear—I mean combined with so much power. . . . Mrs. Billington professedly sung for the last time; but as I saw Mara’s resurrection about six times in ten years, I am not without hope of hearing her again. Her last Italian air was that which Tarchi taught me, ‘Sarah’s Lamentation,’ it was marked M.S., and every one is wishing for it.”

Haydn, the musician, has told how, calling on Sir Joshua Reynolds, he found him painting Mrs. Billington, the operatic favourite. The picture still exists, and represents our heroine as St. Cecilia, with a choir of angels playing their harps and singing to her. Haydn having looked at it meditatively for some little time, said “The likeness is excellent, but you have made a strange mistake.” Sir Joshua was eager to know what it was, and the musician with a smile replied:

“You have made her listening to the angels, the angels should be listening to her.”

Charmed by the graceful compliment, the great singer sprang up, and with a grateful impulse threw her fair arms round Haydn’s neck and kissed him.

Mrs. Billington finally quitted England with her second husband—Mr. Felissen; and died at her estate of St. Arlien, near Venice, after a short illness of a few days’ duration, prematurely worn out by the excessive labour of her early childhood and womanhood.

A. H. W.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 101, received from J.G.W., R.G., Fraser, W.F. and Pinto.

J. A. F. M.—Your solution was unfortunately mislaid, but as you will doubtless have seen, the problem was incorrectly printed.

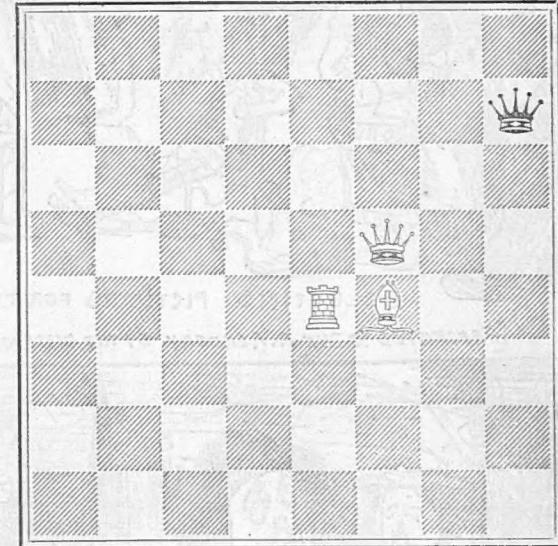
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM.—No. 102.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 7 (ch)	K to K 5 (best)
2. R to Q sq.	K to K 6
3. B to Q 2 (ch)	K moves.

PROBLEM NO. 103.

By J. B.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

The annexed smart little game was played some time ago between Messrs. Boden and MacDonnell.

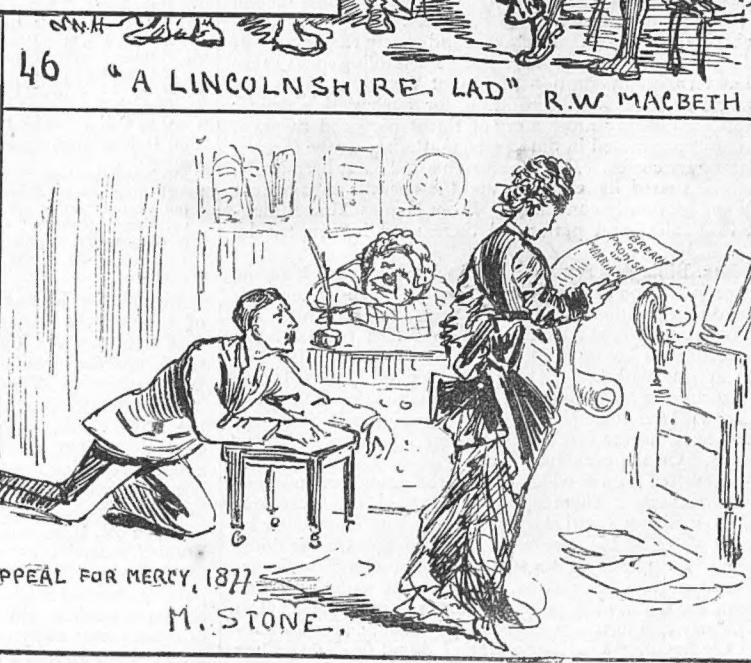
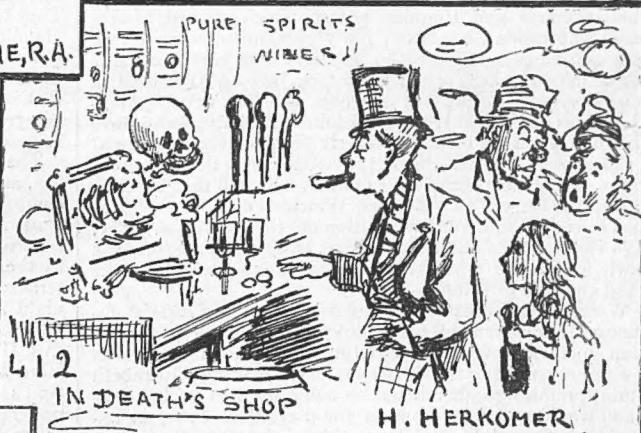
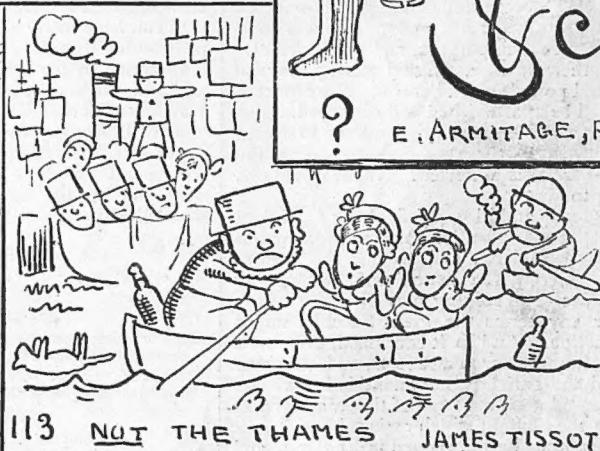
WING GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. Kt to K B 3	B to Q 2
2. B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	15. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt takes Kt (ch)
3. P to Q Kt 4 (a)	B takes P	16. Kt takes Kt	Castles (Q R)
4. P to Q B 3	B to Q B 4	17. R to Q Kt sq	Q to Q 4
5. P to Q 4 (b)	P takes P	18. Kt to K B 3	B to K B 4
6. P takes P	B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	19. R to Q sq	K R to K sq
7. K to B sq	B to Q R 4	20. B to Q B 5	Q takes Kt (d)
8. Q to K R 5	P to Q 4	21. P takes Q	B to R 6 (ch)
9. B takes P	K to Q 2	22. K to Kt sq	R to K 3
10. B to Q R 3	Kt to K B 3 (c)	23. Q to Q B 2	QR takes Q P (e)
11. K B takes P (ch) Q takes B	Kt to Q B 3	24. B takes Q R	Kt takes B
12. Q takes B	Kt to Q B 3		and White resigned.
13. Q to Q R 4	Kt takes K P		(a) It is seldom, now-a-days, that we see a specimen of the “Wing Gambit.”
			(b) Better, perhaps, to have brought out the King’s Knight and resolved the opening into an Evans’s Gambit.
			(c) A good counter stroke.
			(d) Very ingenious.
			(e) A beautiful termination to a very interesting little game.

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARY.—Among the historical taverns of London, the Mother Redcap, in Camden Town, is one of the best known. Yet Camdentonians returning to London after a short absence would find great difficulty in recognising the familiar house. The enterprise of the present proprietors, the Messrs. Harris, has added a splendid new frontage, opening on the High Street, behind which the original building is entirely concealed. The convenience of all classes has been studied with a most promising result. Among the attractions is a magnificent billiard room on the first floor, and this was recently opened, in presence of a large company, with an exhibition match between W. Cook and S. W. Stanley. The game was 1,000 up, Stanley receiving 250 points. The play was good from the first on both sides, but Stanley soon got the balls into position, and put together the magnificent break of 602, including 163 consecutive spot strokes, ultimately winning by 713 points. In a match of seven games at pyramids Cook beat his opponent by one game, after conceding him a ball in each.

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating’s Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals. Sold in Tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, St. Paul’s-churchyard, London; and all Chemists.—[ADVT.]

ROYAL ACADEMY 1877 PICTURES PROPHESIED



MR. PHELPS.

MR. SAMUEL PHELPS, of whom we give a sketch in character from the pencil of Mr. Matt Stretch, was born at Devonport, in 1806; and having received a decent English education, he was apprenticed to a printer at Plymouth. In 1831, he came as a compositor to London, where the stage fever seized him; and eight years after he made his theatrical débüt successfully, but as one of the humblest members of a company then playing in the York circuit. He remained on the provincial stage, rapidly acquiring reputation while travelling to and from several towns in England and Scotland, until reaching Exeter, he settled down in that city, and there remained some little time. His spreading fame reaching London, attracted the attention of Mr. Benjamin Webster, who offered him an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, where Mr. Phelps soon after made his appearance as a Shakspearean actor. He was hailed with enthusiasm by delighted audiences night after night; and from the Haymarket went to Covent Garden, where he played leading Shakspearean characters with the late Mr. Macready, each on alternate nights taking the other's part. The critics were unanimous in his praise, and playgoers flocked to witness his performances, from all parts of London and the suburban districts. He next played at the Lyceum, and from that house went to Drury Lane, where he again played with Mr. Macready. In 1844, he took Sadler's Wells Theatre, a memorable event in the history of the stage, and one with which his name will ever remain most honourably associated.

In those early days of his career the acting of Mr. Phelps displayed many defects. His provincial accent was slow in disappearing, his mannerisms were strongly marked, his conceptions were based upon the traditions of a false old school of acting, and his execution was extremely stagey. But as he shook himself free of these defects—although he has never quite got rid of them—as the management of a voice naturally inflexible and devoid of music became more skilful and powerful, and he gave his personal character and ability fairer play, his conceptions became more original, and their realisations on the stage acquired a force, finish, and subtlety, to which they had previously been altogether strange. No lover of the drama who has seen his James VI., Bottom the Weaver, Christopher Sly, Falstaff, or Mawworm—the character in which Mr. Stretch has sketched him—or his still more excellent and really wonderful enacting of Macklin's Sir Pertinax Macsyphant, or, indeed, any one of those greater parts which he has associated so strongly with his name, can fail to greet Mr. Phelps enthusiastically as a truly great actor, whose best and most persistent efforts have always been directed to the elevation of his profession and the glorification of the legitimate drama. Long may he remain amongst us.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT recently visited the fair of the Young Women's Christian Association, at the Academy of Music, and was shown into the Art Gallery. All the arrangements had been made for him to address the multitude from one of the balcony boxes, and a committee of five or six followed Mr. Bryant closely, anxious to have him appear and make the promised speech. The poet, who was accompanied by a lady, took his time looking at all the paintings, and finally, at about nine o'clock, he walked leisurely out, with committee-men in front of him and committee-men behind. He was shown into the central balcony box, the band playing "Hail to the Chief" and the crowd applauding as he took a seat. In his speech Mr. Bryant said:—"A few days ago a man came to see me, and said he wanted me to come to this fair and read my Centennial ode. I told him I did not see how I could do it, as 'my Centennial ode' had not been written and I had no idea of writing one. If I was able to read my Centennial ode under such circumstances it would only be by the aid of a miracle. A grand Centennial ode was sung in Philadelphia, written by a Quaker poet, to be sung in a Quaker city, a very appropriate thing. The writing the ode was left to more youthful and vigorous hands than mine. It was put into better hands than mine, and so you see my interference was not wanted. But if you will wait till I am about nineteen years older, when I shall be just as old as the nation will be on the 4th of next July, I will write such a Centennial ode as was never written before, and I now invite you all to be present on that occasion to hear it, and I shall hope to see you all in good health and spirits."

LECTURING IN AMERICA.—The Boston correspondent of a New York paper says: "Nothing goes here that demands money. Lectures, concerts, and entertainments don't pay expenses. Balls and parties appeal for patronage in vain. The best lecturers in the country and the most popular, speak to thin houses, with hardly income enough to pay expenses."

A CURIOUS HUNT took place a few days back outside the port of Philippeville, in Algeria. A large seal having been seen disporting itself in the water, a number of boats carrying men

THE "BLACK AND WHITE" EXHIBITION.

APART altogether from illustrated books and newspapers, monochromatic art is a thing of extreme importance. The study of tone, light, and shade, separated from colour, is too commonly neglected, although, we think, all artists who have given thought to its practical value must admit its influence to be of the widest and most vital. We are therefore the more grieved to note that this (the fourth) exhibition of works in "black and white" does not indicate progress. There are far too many weak amateurish productions, with an absence of anything like sound high aims and intentions; the bulk of the exhibits being evidently executed neither as studies nor as highly finished productions, but merely as pretty or picturesque sketches, or with a view to reproduction by engraving and its kindred processes. The secret is, we suspect, that the public lack the refined taste and observing power which should give this institution the encouragement of popularity and more general support. The more showy and readily appreciated charms of colour delight the vulgar eye, while monochrome leaves it unsatisfied. Hence tricks of colour in most modern paintings usurp the place of tone, and gradation of light and shade; or, on the other hand, the painters have not given sufficient time and attention to those monochromatic studies, which this institution should encourage and increase. It is significant when we find that a scientific knowledge, or what is in effect the same, that intuitive exercise of unconsciously acquired experience which we call "a good eye" has almost invariably been found associated with "fine colour." In Turner's monochrome studies, for instance, how fully we realise just those effects of light and air for which his finished paintings are so famous, and in his paintings how often we see distance marvellously secured, despite the advancing effects of rich warm colours, by the mere force of tone and gradation in light and shade.

Want of space compels us to defer anything like detailed criticism, and we can but briefly notice a few of the works to which our attention was given. Joseph Knight's "River Banks," illustrates that close kinship of tone and colour which renders the former, when properly felt and realised, almost a substitute for the latter. Léon L' Hermitte's charcoal sketches are full of vigour and effect. In Arthur Severn's "Sea at Brighton," a fine storm effect is admirably caught. Miss Starr is charmingly delicate in 157—Study of a Head. E. Buckman's "Warm Corner" is slight, but full of cleverness and technical ability. J. J. Wolff's pair of charcoal sketches are remarkably well done, and must have been the result of close and careful observation; of Karl Bodmer's "Vision of St. Hubert"; we need say nothing, since we some monthssince published an engraving from it; Rosa Bonheur's "Herd of Deer at Fontainebleau" is worthy her great reputation—which is saying much. We should praise highly "The Two Extremes" by J. Sturgess, if that gentleman did not happen to be a prominent member of our art staff. James Mahony's striking ability is fairly illustrated in his pen and ink sketch "The Toilers." Charles Green's twenty designs for the "Old Curiosity Shop" are a little world of power and beauty, in which the full spirit and meaning of Dickens's famous story are at once perceptible. The same artist's drawings for "Cripps the Carrier" are amongst the very finest things of the kind we have seen. Samuel Read's "On the Sutherland Coast" is a forcible and effective drawing of great merit. Du Maurier and Charles Keene's original drawings for *Punch* are too well known and appreciated to need a line from our pen, and we must also refrain from noticing the etchings, to which, however, we may give attention in a future number.

DRUGS.—A contemporary, writing on the ignorance of irresponsible persons dealing with drugs for diseases of horses and other animals, says: Some thirty years ago, members of the Veterinary College, or anything like properly qualified veterinary practitioners, were few and far between, the treatment of animals being then practically in the hands of the farrier, the carters, the cowmen, the shepherd, &c., all of whom used nostrums in which album græcum and urine not infrequently formed items. Sometimes reliance was placed upon the multiplicity of articles that could be got together. "There!" said a cowleech, "there be two-and-twenty gredients in that resat; and if some of 'em don't hit the complaint, I dwon't know what wull."



MR. PHELPS AS "MAWWORM."

armed with guns set out in pursuit. The chase lasted for an hour, the animal, each time it came to the surface to breathe, being saluted with a volley of musketry. At last, having received numerous wounds, its movements became less rapid, and a well-aimed shot striking it in the head put an end to its sufferings. When towed ashore it was found to measure over eight feet in length and to weigh 600 pounds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

CORK DOG SHOW.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR,—Having received so many letters of inquiry from England as to the different routes by which dogs can be sent to our forthcoming show, will you allow me to answer them through your valuable columns.

There is a service, morning and evening, from Euston-square, via Holyhead and Dublin, coming right through. Steamers leave Liverpool three times weekly, Bristol twice, Milford thrice, Southampton and Portsmouth once, Newport and Cardiff once, and Glasgow thrice. While on the subject, will you permit me to remind exhibitors that our entries close on Monday next, July 3.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

WM. DESMOND O'CONNELL.

ACTRESS'S NAMES.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Some twenty years back, when the Queen and Prince Albert gave their theatrical entertainments at Windsor Castle, under the superintendence of the late Charles Kean, Her Majesty commanded that all married actresses should be advertised in the playbills *only* under their married names. Others, besides myself, thought at the time that the Queen had taken a most considerate step, evincing thereby her deep-rooted feeling, which her whole life has sanctified, that every woman should respect and honour the matrimonial tie, and not be ashamed of their freshly-acquired name when they got married. Think also of the abject and debasing position the husband places himself in by having wedded a "Miss" during her natural life. Our Siddons, Cibbers, C. Kemble, Liston, C. Kean, and a host of other well-known and honoured names, never countenanced in their married lives such disreputable proceedings.

Every well-wisher for the morals of his country watches the movements of the theatrical world. The histrionic profession has been, and always will be, a great public instructor. It behoves it, therefore, to be careful of its own acts, and if I am able to understand what has been gradually growing up for some years past, it is an increasing desire on the part of many thoughtful persons to elevate the character of an actor and stamp the tenor of their lives, as every other conscientious individual does in his own specific sphere. Why, then, as I asked in the beginning, are actresses ashamed of their married names?—I am, yours truly,

Birmingham, June 24, 1876.

H. R. FOREST.

MIDDLESEX COLTS MATCH.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR—I cannot admit that your correspondent "Exon," or my nameless assailant (whose letter you this week insert), has proved that I did anything contrary to cricket law, when I batted for a man who had only fielded for a portion of an innings, and was not forthcoming on the day. What I did was at the joint request of the captains of both sides. It matters little if at the time I did make the mistake of announcing myself as playing for Mr. Tomkinson instead of Mr. Benham, because the veriest tyro must be aware that my assertion could affect the matter neither one way or the other, it being palpably absurd that I should be asked by the captain of the Middlesex Eleven to bat for a man who had bowled in the previous innings.

My mistake (which I readily admit was made) could not render this possible, and my former letter was written to show that, as there was another absentee, it followed that it was for him that I must be considered to have been asked to play, and not for one whose previous action in the match of itself made any substitution impossible. "Exon" was, I conjecture, as he imagined, contending for a principle; and now that he finds that no law of cricket was violated by the Middlesex County Club, may possibly regret that he has mixed up personal allusions to myself with what he held to be matter of moment in the cricket world.

Just as if my inefficiency as a cricketer had anything to do with the question. It is, sir, for you to consider whether by such remarks as these the interests of cricket are likely to be served? Are those who support cricket for its own sake likely to spend time and money in its behalf, if gross personal insults are allowed to be publicly levelled at them by irresponsible and anonymous writers.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

PERCY M. THORNTON,

June 27, 1876. Hon. Sec., Middlesex Cricket Club.

LAKE FISHING IN IRELAND.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR,—Though hitherto not a successful angler, I have always been a devoted follower of old Izaac's; but being engaged in mercantile pursuits, and until lately occupying a subordinate position in a respectable city firm, I was compelled, from want of time, to limit my piscatorial excursions to the upper waters of the Thames. There, on some rare occasions, having had the felicity of killing a three-quarter pound trout, I became enamoured with the sport, and was so delighted with my little victim's gallant efforts to effect his escape, that I longed to try my skill on stouter adversaries, and having read in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS the very tempting account given by one of your contributors, of trout fishing on the Irish midland lakes I determined—business being now, I may say, at a stand still—to follow Mr. Ralph Neville's advice to betake myself to them, and spend my holiday, at an earlier period than I was in the habit of doing, in the sister country. I may add, that my experience, in so far as it has yet gone, has quite justified that gentleman's recommendations, and more than satisfied my most sanguine hopes.

I had never been in Ireland, and having a desire to see a country of whose beauties we hear so much, and of mixing with a peasantry whose miseries and wrongs are so incessantly detailed in Parliament, and who are said to be—when at home—so different from the samples of their race encountered in "Seven Dials," I definitively made up my mind, and packing up my traps, set out in the Irish Night Mail from Euston-station; and had I followed Mr. Neville's programme, could easily have been plying my rod on Belvidere, after breakfasting at Mullingar, at the hour he designated, on the following morning. There were four other passengers in the compartment with me, all young and agreeable men, who on learning my intentions and destination, advised a slight alteration in my route; and as they were well acquainted with the lakes, and in the habit of fishing them, I thought it prudent to profit by their suggestions.

They told me that their letters from home assured them that the severity of the weather was retarding the rising of the green drake fly, and that so long as the cold east wind prevailed I might as well remain in Dublin, seeing the sights, instead of rustinating at a village pothouse, as until a favourable change of weather took place there would be no good fishing, and that when it did, a two hours' journey would land me at Lough Shelin, the lake in which

the fly first emerges from the water. We had a delightful passage, by the splendid mail steamer Munster, entered Dublin Bay at an hour and on a morning when its magnificent scenery showed to full advantage; and as I emerged from the train and called for an outside car (as the carriage I preferred), was at once taken possession of and hurried to his vehicle—I may say with gentle personal force—by one Darby Dunnovan, who assured me, as he luggered me along, "That he had the smartest mare, and was the very safest driver in Dublin," although the members of his confraternity who were deprived of the job, warned me "to beware of him, as he drove a bishop into the canal docks at the railway station the day before, and nearly drowned his lordship." "That's the way with the Irish," cried my captor, indignantly, "always abusing one another, and vilifying their neighbours. Now instead of a bishop it was only to a country curate that the accident happened, and they mightn't be making so much about it." "Now then," said I, as we got under weigh, "drive to Morrison's, as I'm starving for my breakfast, and point out the remarkable places as we pass them, for this is my first visit to Dublin." "Oh, then, may be it's not myself that can do that same," quoth Darby. "I'm well accustomed to English travellers, and often makes them laugh, and sometimes humbugs them too, when I find them taking airs on themselves." As we turned into College Green, he said, "There's old Trinity, of which they're all so proud. Ah, there were rollicking lads there long ago; but there's no sport in the boys that's there now! And that's the Bank—in old times it used to be the Parliament House; an' if we are to believe half what we hear, it may soon become so again." "And whose statues are those on the front of it?" I asked. "Well, sir, to tell you the real truth," answered Darby, "I don't know their names; although I once told a great swell who asked me the same question—not to show my ignorance of my own country—that they were the twelve apostles. 'Why, there are only three of them!' says he. 'An' would yer honor expect more iv them to be out on such a bad day as this?' says I. Well, yer see, the name I gave them years ago in joke, sticks to them ever since, that's how it is." On delivering me at my destination, it was agreed between us that Darby should return in two hours, and drive me through town to see the "lions" until dinner-time. He was punctual in his attendance, and under his guidance, passed as pleasant a day as it was possible to do under the baneful influence of a bitter north-east wind. Towards evening the clouds looked threatening, and heavy rain fell during the night, the vane wheeled right round to the west. In the morning I left by an early train for the country, and quitting the rail at Ballymellon station, arrived safely at the village of Finea, near the southern end of Lough Shelin, where, by the advice of my fellow-travellers, I proposed taking up my quarters.

After making the necessary arrangements, and lurching on rashes and eggs, washed down by a tumbler of good whiskey and water, I purchased some flies, at the instigation of my boatman, and then, without further delay, proceeded to make my "début" as a veritable trout angler, and no mistake. As we rowed through the short piece of river which led to the lake, the man who induced me to make my purchase told me that the flies I had but just bought would not then be required, as the "green drake" was up, and the natural fly would be the best bait I could use to kill with. As we proceeded towards an island, covered with ruins, which stands in about the centre of the lake, the beauties of Lough Shelin and its surroundings became more striking. Its eastern side is shadowed over by what in England we should consider a mountain, some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, its base quite belted round with well-grown timber; while its western shore is covered with woods to the very water's edge, and dotted with the mansions of Lord Farnham and other resident proprietors.

The day became delightful, and the sun was agreeably warm, there was a gentle breeze, just sufficient to ruffle the water, and flights of what are there designated "woolly clouds," were quite sufficient to conceal the line from the observation of the fish, and on the whole no weather could be more favourable for the angler's purposes. As we reached our destination the surface of the lake, and every spot on the island, were densely covered by multitudes of the gorgeously coloured insect, which, after emerging from the depths in which it is generated, and expanding its wings, either flies to the land, where its ephemeral existence soon terminates, or floats helplessly on until picked up by the fish who were in shoals feeding upon it, and ruffling the surface of the lake with the eddies they created as they sprang forth from the water to seize their prey. On the sheltered side of the island, where the green drake most abounded, some dozen of anglers were fishing from their boats, and from the bend of their rods and the rattling of their reels, it was evident that they were enjoying first-rate sport. Almost bewildered by the animation of the scene, and the prospect of such unaccustomed amusement as I was about to enjoy—the moment my tackle was duly arranged, and the natural fly put on the hooks by my boatman, I nervously clutched my rod and made my cast; as good luck would have it I struck my fish on the head as he rose to take a fly on the water, and the tremendous strain of his rush plainly told me that I had to do with a dangerous customer. "Well done," cried the boatmen in chorus, and a gentleman in the nearest boat suspended his own proceedings to watch mine. I have no doubt I was considered by the lookers-on a most accomplished angler, while I felt in an agony lest I might commit such a blunder as would betray my incapacity. Meanwhile the trout became almost frantic; after trying a run unavailingly, to break the tackle, he suddenly sprang at least two feet quite clear of the water, and then dashed off again. The same devices were had recourse to for at least twenty minutes after he was hooked, and I was nearly exhausted with fatigue, but the tackle held firm, and the trout seemed nearly dead as he lay motionless before me. "Wind up and draw him gently close until I take him," said the boatmen, as he handled the landing net. "Don't try that yet," cried the gentleman in the neighbouring boat, who was at the moment closer to the fish than I was, and who from the commencement of the struggle had been attentively watching its progress, "don't attempt to net him yet, you have only hooked him on the skull, and though now fatigued, he has plenty of strength left in him to give you a deal more trouble." As if the trout comprehended what was said, he instantly made another spring, and failing to disengage himself, again took another and a longer run, my line was all out, and I was, I may say, literally dragged towards the bow of the boat, as I endeavoured to hold on, when my neighbour shouted, "Throw your rod overboard, and row after it, or you're sure to lose him, and that would be a pity, as he is at least a fifteen-pounder." I did as directed, with the greatest alacrity, for in truth I was no longer able to do otherwise, and my men rowed quickly after the rod, keeping within easy reach of it—at length the strain upon it ceased—when one of the men seized the butt, and at once commenced rolling up, until the line became taut, when he handed it to me; as I continued to take in, the fish seemed worn out and helpless, and at length turned belly upwards, when he was most adroitly landed in the boat. He was a perfect monster, and in the prime condition, and although in a perfect ecstasy, as I gazed upon him as he lay extended on the bottom of the boat, I endeavoured as best I could to repress my feelings of exultation, lest I should, after having established a reputation as a perfect master of the "gentle art," betray the fact that in such heavy work I was but a novice. As we rowed back I began to consider what I should ultimately do with my

prize; and finally made up my mind, if possible, to despatch him directly to the Thames club, of which I am now almost ashamed it should be known I am a member, and leave it to the president's decision whether it should be skinned and stuffed, or cooked and eaten. On passing from the boat to my hostelry I was disappointed to find that the size of my fish, now carried in triumph before me, seemed to excite no surprise amongst the natives, while my host after weighing it—over sixteen pounds—merely remarked, "that it was a very nice trout, indeed, but he had often seen as large." Finding on inquiry that it would be impossible to send it by the only line available with any chance of its reaching London in eatable condition, I asked if I could have it skinned? a question which caused a burst of laughter amongst all present, my landlady assuring me, "that such a thing as skinning a trout was never heard of, and that all that could be done was to cut it in two, cooking one half for dinner, and sending the other, which would be too stale for to-morrow, as a present to the priest who lived hard by, or to any other neighbour I chose."

As I felt quite desolate in my loneliness, I jumped at the proposal, hoping that I might derive both pleasure and advantage from the clergyman's acquaintance, and in return for my present received a polite note of thanks for my kindness, coupled with a warm invitation to join him in a glass of whiskey-punch after I had finished my repast. As I sat down to my eight pounds of splendid trout for my solitary meal, with a firm conviction founded on my hostess's remarks that it would be useless to inquire after the remains, I fancied what my worthy partners would think of such extravagance, more particularly if they had only tasted the delicious morsel, more delicate, though equally rich in flavour, than a fresh run salmon, with the streaks of white, and nearly as broad as the pink ones. It was a treat worthy the gods. I found the priest a gentlemanly and well-informed man, who had travelled a good deal, and resided some years in Rome. He treated me most hospitably to some excellent whiskey. I slept well, and tubbed early next morning, in preparation to renew my glorious triumph on the gentle waters of Lough Shelin. Thanking you for the information afforded me in your paper, which induced me to take a trip out of which I anticipate such pleasure, believe me, yours sincerely,

D. B.

A DRAMATIC STREET CELEBRITY.—Not the least memorable of passing events is the death of poor Tom Malcombe, the well-known street actor, called by his friends "Macbeth," out of compliment to the Thane of Cawdor. His end was very sad, yet not altogether unprofessional, for while forcibly uttering the words, "Liar and slave" he fell down dead at Notting-hill. Poor Tom Malcombe! Who that has lived to years of discretion, or haply outlived them, does not remember him as he was wont to stand at the corner of the streets, brandishing in mid-air his sword of lath, and reciting long passages from the Shakespearean plays, with a pulmonary power that has never been surpassed? It is all very well to say that he convulsed men and women and frightened children. So he may have done, and doubtless did; but in both cases he rendered a beneficial service to society. To adults he afforded the healthful and thoroughly enjoyable recreation of an innocent laugh; and as for the youngsters, he terrified them by his vivid representation of the purely physical agony consequent upon remorse, thus inculcating an excellent moral lesson. Who knows how many men and women may have been deterred from committing murder by the remembrance how they were horrified in childhood by Tom Malcombe's uproarious representation of the stomach-ache endured by Macbeth after he had stabbed the sleeping Duncan to death? Mr. Malcombe, like Bottom the Weaver, belonged to the class of tragedians who sigh for a part to tear a cat in; but we have seen many worse actors of that type upon the boards before now, and many more we hope to see. Mr. Malcombe was not quite a Garrick, but he was an inoffensive creature none the less, and though continually compelled to "move on" he was a much more respectable artist in his way than are the hideous organ-grinders who sicken us with their ugliness, and make our bones ache in the sockets with noises compared to which the grinding of saws is heavenly melody. With Tom Malcombe has departed one of our few remaining street celebrities. Light lie the sod on his grave!—*Sunday Times*.

LACROSSE.—The game has been greatly altered and improved of late years. The present "crosse," or bat, is something like a gigantic racquet bat. The stick is about six feet long, but curved at the end, so that, after it has been bent, the actual length of the stick does not exceed five feet. A strong piece of gut is fastened from the point of the "pothook" to the middle of the stick, and the intervening space is filled up with a network of gut, which is slightly bagged, so as to enable the ball to be caught and carried. Two goal posts or flags, seven feet apart, are erected about 250 yards from each other, and the object of each side, as at football or hockey, is to get the ball through their opponents' goal. The ball itself is made of hard india-rubber, and is a little smaller than our cricket ball. Originally the Indians played with quite a differently-shaped crosse, and some of the tribes used two, one being carried in each hand; they were then even more like our present racquet bat, but were very rudely constructed. In those days, too, lacrosse was a kind of half-game, half-fight, and the matches often lasted for three or four days, several hundreds of players joining in them. One of these matches has been rendered historical. During one of the wars between the French and British in America, a garrison of the latter were invited to witness a match between two tribes who were supposed to be friendly. Having no idea of treachery, few precautions were taken, and, in the excitement of the game, the Indians gradually drew nearer and nearer to the fort. At last, apparently by accident, the ball was thrown over the wall; there was an immediate rush of players through the gate, crosses were thrown away, concealed tomahawks and knives produced, and, in a few minutes, nearly all the garrison were massacred. Until about twenty years ago the Indians had the game pretty much to themselves, and few whites played regularly until the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada in 1861. After his departure, the interest taken in the game again languished, and it seemed likely to go entirely out of fashion. Early in 1867, however, a team of Montreal men were defeated at Cornwall, Ontario, and this reverse seemed just the spur which the players of Montreal needed. A letter appeared from Dr. G. W. Beers—who may be fairly termed the apostle of lacrosse—in the *Montreal Daily News*, proposing that the proclamation of the Dominion of Canada, which was about to take place, and the adoption of lacrosse as the national game, should be simultaneous. This happy idea met with the greatest popular favour, and was carried out. The Montreal Club framed the first laws of lacrosse in June, 1867, and three months later a convention of all Canadian clubs was called, at which the "National Lacrosse Association of Canada," which corresponds with our Marylebone Cricket Club, was formed. The rules were then amended and additions made to them, and since that time the game has steadily increased in popular favour, and is now played in every part of Canada. The teams we have already given the names of (see page 187), together with an animated account of a match played in Ireland, the first played in this kingdom.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mative, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[Advt.]